National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 43. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866. WHOLE NO. 1,343.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT $3.00 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York

☞ ALL LETTERS on Business, or for Publication, should be addressed to PARKER PILLSBURY, *Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman st., New York.

CLUB RATES.—Ten copies to one address, $2.50 each; twenty copies, $2 each.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

ROBERT J. JOHNSTON, PRINTER,

No. 33 BEEKMAN STREET, N. Y.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

[There is no part of THE STANDARD into which the speech of the President on the 22d should be put, unless it be the Pro-Slavery. And even that column till now, gross as have often been its utterances, never welcomed the like of this. Of the President's manner, a Washington correspondent says: "The spectacle he presented stands alone in the history of this country. Before him a surging crowd, with wild and excited faces; among the number many who during the war were notorious for their disloyalty to the country; interrupting the President with those boisterous and coarse exclamations which are familiar to the *habitués* of the prize-ring and of drunken ward meetings; and before that crowd the President of the United States, talking in a loud and excited tone, gritting his teeth, and accompanying his words with violent gesticulations; denouncing the majority of Congress in unmeasured terms, indulging in vulgar attacks against persons he called by name; speaking in a style which Marshal Rynders would hesitate to claim as his own, and, in accusing his political opponents of a desire to assassinate him, playing a trick of demagoguism which would be amusing only but for the sad circumstance that the actor was the Chief Magistrate of this country." Though the speech, in some parts, is beneath criticism, and sinks its author below contempt, whatever he was before, we subject our space to it. Remembering the days of Washington, Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, and on the presumption that the present occupant of the office was worthy to be their successor till this frightful apostacy, the words of Byron on Buonaparte would seem only too appropriate:

"Since he, miscalled the Morning Star.
Nor man, nor fiend, hath fallen so far!"]

THIS day is peculiarly appropriate to indorse the restoration of the Union of these States founded by the Father of his Country. Washington, whose name this city bears, is embalmed in the hearts of all who love free government (A voice—"So is Andrew Johnson"); Washington, who, in the language of his eulogists, was "first in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen." No people can claim him, no nation can appropriate him; his reputation and life are the common inheritance of all who love free government. I to-day had the pleasure of attending the National Washington Monument Association, which is directing its efforts to complete the monument erected to his memory. I was glad to meet them, and so far as I could to give them my humble influence. A monument is being erected to him within a stone's throw of the spot from which I address you. Let it be completed. (Cheers.) Let the pledges which all these States, associations and corporations have placed in that monument of their faith and love for this Union be preserved. Let it be completed. And in this connection let me refer you to the motto upon the stone sent from my own State: God bless (a voice, "And bless you") a State which has struggled for the preservation of the Union in the field and in the councils of the Nation, and is now struggling in consequence of the interruption that has taken place in her relations with the Federal Government growing out of the rebellion, but struggling to recover those relations and to take her stand where she has stood since 1796. A motto is inscribed on that stone sent here to be placed in that monument of freedom and in commemoration of Washington. I stand by that sentiment, and she is willing to stand by it. It was the sentiment enunciated by the immortal Andrew Jackson: "The Federal Union—it must be preserved." (Wild shouts of applause.) "The Federal Union—it must be preserved." Were it possible to have the old man whose statue is now before me, and whose portrait is behind me in the Capitol, and whose sentiment is inscribed on the stone deposited in the monument—were it possible to communicate with the illustrious dead, and he could be informed of, or made to understand the working and progress of faction, rebellion and treason, the bones of the old man would stir in their coffin, and he would rise and shake off the habiliments of the tomb, he would extend that long arm and finger of his, and he would reiterate that glorious sentiment: "The Federal Union—it must be preserved." (Applause.) But we see and witness what has transpired since his day. We remember what he did in 1833, when treason, treachery, and infidelity to the Government and Constitution of the United States then stalked forth. It was his power and influence that then crushed the treason in its infancy. It was then stopped, but only for a time; the spirit continued. There were men disaffected to the Government, both North and South. We had peculiar institutions, of which some complained, and to which others were attached. One portion of our countrymen advocated that institution in the South; another opposed it in the North, and it resulted in creating two extremes. One in the South reached the point at which they were prepared to dissolve the Government of the United States, to secure and preserve their peculiar institution, and in what I may say on this occasion I want to be understood. There was another portion of our countrymen who were opposed to this peculiar institution in the South, and who went to the extreme of being willing to break up the Goverment to get clear of it. (Applause.) I am talking to you to-day in the common phrase, and assume to be nothing but a citizen, and one who has been fighting for the Constitution and to preserve the Government. These two parties have been arrayed against each other, and I stand before you to-day as I did in the Senate in 1860, in the presence of those who were making war on the Constitution, and who wanted to disrupt the Government, to denounce as I did then in my place those who were so engaged as traitors. I have never ceased to repeat, and, so far as efforts would go, to carry out the sentiments I then uttered. (Cheers.) I have already remarked that there were two parties, one for destroying the Government to preserve slavery, and the other to break up the Government to destroy slavery. The objects to be accomplished were different, it is true, so far as slavery is concerned, *but they agreed in one thing, and that was the breaking up of the Government. They agreed in the destruction of the Government*, the precise thing which I have always stood up to oppose. Whether the disunionists come from the South or the North, I stand now where I did then, to vindicate the Union of these States, and the Constitution of the country. (Applause.) The rebellion of treason manifested itself in the South. I stood by the Government. I said I was for the Union with slavery, or I was for the Union without slavery. In either alternative, I was for my Government and the Constitution. (Applause.) The Government has stretched forth its strong arm, and with its physical power has put down treason in the field. Yes, the section of country which has arrayed itself against the Government has been put down by the Government itself. Now what do these people say? We said no compromise; we can settle this question with the South in eight and forty hours. How! Disband your armies, acknowledge the Constitution of the United States, obey the law, and the whole question is settled. Well, their armies have been disbanded. They come forward now in a spirit of magnanimity, and say we were mistaken, we made an effort to carry out the doctrine of Secession and dissolve the Union; that we have failed, and having traced this thing to a logical and physical sequence and result, we now again come forward and acknowledge the flag of our country, obedient to the Constitution and the supremacy of the law. (Cheers.) I say, then, when you have yielded to the law, when you acknowledge your allegiance to the Government, I am ready to open the doors of the Union, and restore you to your old relations to the Government of our fathers. (Prolonged applause.) Who, I ask, has suffered more for the Union than I have? I shall not now repeat the wrongs or suffering inflicted upon me, but it is not the way to deal with a whole people in the spirit of revenge. I know much has been said about the exercise of the pardoning power, so far as the Executive is concerned. There is no one who has labored harder than I have to have the principal conscious and intelligent traitors brought to justice; to have the law vindicated; and the great fact vindicated that treason is a crime. Yet while conscious, intelligent traitors are to be punished, should whole States, communities and people be made to submit to and bear the penalty of death? I have, perhaps, as much hostility and as much resentment as a man ought to have; but we should conform our action and our conduct to the example of him who founded our holy religion, not that I would liken this to it, or cause any comparison, for I am not going to detain you long. But, gentlemen, I came into power under the Constitution of the country and by the approbation of the people, and what did I find? I found eight millions of people who were, in fact, condemned under the law, and the penalty was death. Under the idea of revenge and resentment, they were to be annihilated and destroyed. O, how different this from the example set by the holy founder of our religion, whose divine arm touches the horizon and embraces the whole earth! Yes! He who founded this great scheme came into the world and found our race condemned under the law; and the sentence was death. What was his example? Instead of putting the world or a nation to death, he went forth with grace and attested by his blood and his wounds that he would die and let the nation live. (Applause.) Let them repent and let them acknowledge their allegiance. Let them become loyal and willing supporters and defenders of our glorious stripes and stars and the Constitution of our country. Let their leaders, the conscious, intelligent traitors, suffer the penalty of the law; but for the great mass who have been forced into this rebellion and misled by their leaders, I say leniency, kindness, trust and confidence. (Enthusiastic cheers.) But, my countrymen, after having passed through the rebellion and given such evidence as I have, though men croak a great deal about it now (laughter); when I look back through the battle-fields and see many of those brave men, in whose company I was in a part of the Rebellion where it was most difficult and doubtful to be found; before the smoke of battle has scarcely passed away; before the blood shed has scarcely congealed, what do we find? The Rebellion is put down by the strong arm of the Government in the field; but is it the only way in which we can have Rebellion? They struggled for the breaking up of the Government, but before they are scarcely out of the battle-field, and before our brave men have scarcely returned to their houses to renew the ties of affection and love, we find ourselves almost in the midst of another rebellion. (Applause.) The war to suppress our rebellion was to prevent the separation of the States and thereby change the character of the Government and weaken its power. Now what is the change? There is an attempt to concentrate the power of the Government in the hands of a few, and thereby bring about a consolidation, which is equally dangerous and objectionable with separation. (Applause.) We find that powers are assumed and attempted to be exercised of a most extraordinary character. What are they? We find that governments can be revolutionized, can be changed without going into the battle-field. Sometimes revolutions the most disastrous to the people, are effected without shedding blood. The substance of our Government may be taken away, leaving only the form and shadow. Now, what are the attempts? What is being proposed? We find that in fact by an irresponsible central directory, nearly all the powers of Government are assumed without even consulting the Legislative or Executive Departments of the Government. Yes, and by resolution reported by a committee upon whom all the legislative power of the Government has been conferred that principle in the Constitution which authorizes and empowers each branch of the Legislative Department to be judges of the election and qualifications of its own members, has been virtually taken away from those departments and conferred upon a committee, who must report before they can act under the Constitution, and allow members duly elected to take their seats. By this rule they assume that there must be laws passed; that there must be recognition in respect to a State in the Union with all its practical relations restored, before the respective Houses of Congress under the Constitution, shall judge of the election and qualifications of its own members. What position is that? You have been struggling for four years to put down the Rebellion. You denied in the beginning of the struggle that any State had the right to go out. You said that they had neither the right nor power. The issue has been made, and it has been settled that a State has neither the right nor the power to go out of the Union. And when you have settled that by the Executive and Military power of the Government, and by the public judgment, you turn round and assume that they are out and shall not come in. (Laughter and cheers.) I am free to say to you, as your Executive, that I am not prepared to take any such position. I said in the Senate, at the very inception of the Rebellion, that States had no right to go out, and that they had no power to go out. That question has been settled, and I cannot turn round now, and give the direct lie to all I profess to have done in the last five years. (Laughter and applause.) I can do no such thing. I say that when these States comply with the Constitution, when they have given sufficient evidence of their loyalty, and that they can be trusted; when they yield obedience to the law, I say extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and let peace and Union be restored. (Loud cheers.) I have fought traitors and treason in the South. I opposed the Davises, and Toombses, and Slidells, and a long list of others whose names I need not repeat, and now when I turn round at the other end of the line, I find men, I care not by what name you call them (a Voice, "Call them traitors"), who still stand opposed to the restoration of the Union of these States; and I am free to say to you, that I am still for the preservation of this compact; I am still for the restoration of this Union; I am still in favor of this great Government of ours going on and following out its destiny. (A voice—"Give us the names.") A gentleman calls for their names. Well, suppose I should give them. (A voice—"We know them.") I look upon them, I repeat it, as President or citizen, *as much opposed to the fundamental principles of this Government, and believe they are as much laboring to prevent or destroy them as were the men who fought against us.* (A voice—"What are the names?) I say Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania. (Tremendous applause.) I say Charles Sumner. (Great applause.) I say Wendell Phillips and others of the same stripe are among them. (A voice—"Give it to Forney.") Some gentleman in the crowd says "Give it to Forney. I have only just to say that I do not waste my ammunition on dead ducks. (Laughter and applause.) I stand for my country; I stand for the Constitution where I placed my feet from my entrance into public life. They may traduce me, they may slander me, they may vituperate. But let me say to you that it has no effect upon me. (Cheers.) And let me say in addition that *I do not intend to be bullied by my enemies.* (Applause, and a cry of "The people will sustain you.") I know, my countrymen, that it has been insinuated—and not only insinuated but said directly. The intimation has been given in high places that if such a usurpation of power had been exercised 200 years ago, in a particular reign, it would have cost a certain individual his head. What usurpation has Andrew Johnson been guilty of? ("None, none.") The usurpation I have been guilty of has always been standing between the people and the encroachments of power. And because I dared to say in a conversation with a fellow-citizen, and a Senator, too, that I thought amendments to the Constitution ought not to be so frequent; that their effect would be that it would lose all its dignity; that the old instrument would be lost sight of in a small time; because I happened to say that if it was amended such and such amendments should be adopted—it was an usurpation of power that would have cost a king his head at a certain time, (laughter and applause) and in connection with this subject it was explained by the same gentleman that we were in the midst of an earthquake, that he trembled and could not yield. (Laughter.) Yes, there is an earthquake coming. There is a ground-swell coming of popular judgment and indignation. ("That's true.") The American people will speak by their interests and they will know who are their friends and who are their enemies. What functions have I held under their Government, beginning with an alderman and running through all branches of the Legislature. (A voice—"From a tailor up.") Some gentleman says I have been a tailor. (Tremendous applause). Now that did not discomfit me in the least, for when I used to be a tailor I had the reputation of being a good one and making close fits. (Great laughter.) Always punctual with my customers and always did good work. (A voice—"No patchwork.") No; I do not want any patchwork. I want a whole suit. But I will pass by this little facetiousness. My friends may say—"You are President and you must not talk about such things." When principles are involved, my countrymen; when the existence of my country is imperilled, I will act as I have on former occasions and speak what I think. I was saying that I had held nearly all positions, from alderman through both branches of Congress to that which I now occupy, and who is there that will say Andrew Johnson ever made a pledge that he did not redeem, or made a promise he did not fulfil. Who will say that he has ever acted otherwise than in fidelity to the great mass of the people. *They may talk about beheading and usurpation, but when I am beheaded I want the American people to witness I do not want by inuendoes, by indirect remarks in high places, to see the man who has assassination brooding in his bosom exclaim: "This Presidential obstacle must be gotten out of the way."* I make use of a very strong expression when I say that I *have no doubt the intention was to incite assassination, and so get out of the way the obstacle from place and power. Whether by assassination or not, there are individuals in this Government, I doubt not, who want to destroy our institutions and change the character of the Government.* Are they not satisfied with the blood which has been shed? Does not the murder of Lincoln appease the vengeance and wrath of the opponents of this Government? Are they still unslaked? Do they still want more blood? Have they not got honor and courage enough to attain their objects otherwise than by the hands of the assassin? No, no, I am not afraid of assassins attacking me where a brave and courageous man would attack another. I only dread him when he would go in disguise, his footsteps noiseless. *If it is blood they want, let them have courage enough to strike like men.* I know they *are willing to wound, but they are afraid to strike.* (Applause.) If my blood is to be shed because I vindicate the Union and the preservation of the Government in its original purity and character, let it be shed; let an altar to the Union be erected, and then, if it is necessary, take me, and lay me upon it, and the blood that now warms and animates my existence shall be poured out as a fit libation to the Union of these States. (Great Applause.) But let the opponents of this Government remember that when it is poured out, "the blood of the martyrs will be the seed of the church." (Cheers.) Gentlemen, this Union will grow; it will continue to increase in strength and power, though it may be cemented and cleansed with blood. I have talked longer now than I intended. Let me thank you for the honor you have done me. So far as this Government is concerned, let me say one other word in reference to the Amendments to the Constitution of the United States. When I reached Washington for the purpose of being inaugurated as Vice-President of the United States, I had a conversation with Mr. Lincoln. We were talking about the condition of affairs and in reference to matters in my own State. I said that we had called a Convention, had amended our Constitution by abolishing slavery in the State, a State not embraced in his proclamation. All this met his approbation, and gave him encouragement, and in talking upon the amendment to the Constitution he said: "When the amendment to the Constitution is adopted by three-fourths of the States, we shall have all, or pretty nearly all, I am in favor of in amending the Constitution if there was one other adopted." Said I: "What is that, Mr. President?" Said he: "I have labored to preserve this Union; I have toiled four years; I have been subjected to calumny and misrepresentation; yet my great desire has been to preserve the Union of these States intact under the Constitution as they were before." "But," said I, "Mr. President, what amendment do you refer to?" He said he thought there should be an amendment added to the Constitution which would compel all the States to send their Senators and Representatives to the Congress of the United States. Yes, compel them. The idea was in his mind that it was a part of the doctrine of Secession to break up the Government by States withdrawing their Senators and Representatives from Congress, and therefore he desired a Constitutional amendment to compel them to be sent. How now does the matter stand? The Constitution of the country, even that portion of it which provides for the amendment of the organic law, says that no State without its conset shall be deprived of its representation in the Senate. And now what do we find? We find the position taken that States shall not be represented; that we may impose taxes; that we may send our tax-gatherers to every region and portion of a State; that the people are to be oppressed with taxes; but when they come here to participate in the legislation of the country they are met at the door and told, no! you must pay your taxes; you must bear the burdens of the Government but you must not participate in the legislation of the country, which is to affect you for all time. Is this just? ("No, no.") Then I say, let us admit into the councils of the nation those who are unmistakably and unequivocally loyal; those men who acknowledge their allegiance to the Government and swear to support the Constitution. It is all embraced in that. The amplification of an oath makes no difference if a man is not loyal. But you may adopt whatever test-oath you please to prove their loyalty. That is a matter of detail for which I care nothing. Let him be unquestionably loyal, owing allegiance to the Government and willing to support it in its hour of peril and of need, and I am willing to trust him. I know that some do not attach so much importance to this principle as I do. But one principle we carried through. The Revolution was fought that there should be no taxation without representation. I hold to that principle laid down as fundamental by our fathers. If it was good then, it is now. If it was a rule to stand by then, it is a rule to stand by now. It is a fundamental principle that should be adhered to as long as free governments last. I know it was said by some during the Rebellion that our Constitution had been rolled up as a piece of parchment, and laid away; that in the time of war and rebellion there was no Constitution. Well we know that sometimes from the very great necessity of the case in a great emergency, we must do unconstitutional things in order to preserve the Constitution itself. But if the Constitution was rolled up as a piece of parchment; if it was violated in some particular to save the Government, there may have been some excuse to justify it; but now that peace has come; now the war is over, we want a written Constitution, and I say the time has come to take the Constitution down, unroll it, read it and understand its provisions. Now if you have saved the Government by violating the Constitution in war you can only save it in peace by preserving the Constitution of our fathers as it is now unfolded. It must now be read and understood by the American people. I come here to-day as far as I can, in making these remarks to vindicate the Constitution and to save it, for it does seem to me that encroachment after encroachment is proposed. I stand to-day prepared, so far as I can, to resist these encroachments upon the Constitution and Government. Now that we have peace let us enforce the Constitution, let us live under and by its provisions, let it be published, let it be printed in blazing capitals, as if it were in the heavens, punctuated with stars, that all may read and understand.

Let us consult that instrument; let us digest its provisions; understand them, and, understanding, abide by them. I tell the opponents of this Government, I care not from what quarter they come, whether from the East, West, North or South, you who are engaged in the work of breaking up the Government by amendments to the Constitution, that the principles of free government are deeply rooted in the American heart. All the powers combined, I care not of what character they are, cannot destroy that great instrument; that great chart of freedom; they may seem to succeed for a time, but then attempts will be futile. They might as well undertake to lock up the winds or chain the waves of the ocean and confine them to limits. They may think now it can be done by a concurrent resolution; but when it is submitted to the popular judgment and to the popular will, they will find that they might as well undertake to introduce a resolution to repeal the laws of gravitation as to keep this Union from being restored. It is just about as feasible to resist the great law of gravitation which binds all to a common centre as that great law which will bring back these States to their regular relations with the Union. All these conspiracies and machinations, North and South, I cannot prevent. All that is wanted is time until the American people can get to know what is going on. I would the whole American people could be assembled here to-day, as you are. I wish we had an amphitheatre capacious enough to hold these thirty millions of people; that they could be here, and witness the struggle that is going on to preserve the Constitution of their fathers. They would settle this question. They could see who it is, and how and what kind of spirit is manifested in breaking up this free Government. Yes, when they came to see the struggle and to understand who is for and who against them; if you could make them perform the part of gladiators—in the first tilt you would find the enemies of the country crushed and helpless. I have detained you longer than I intended. (Voices: "Go on.") We are in a great struggle. I am your instrument. Who is there I have not toiled and labored for? Where is the man or woman either in public or private life who has not always received my attention or my time? Pardon the egotism. They say that man Johnson is a lucky man; that no man can defeat me. I will tell you what constitutes luck. It is due to right and being for the people; that is what constitutes good luck. Somehow or other the people will find out and understand who is for and who is against them. I have been placed in as many trying positions as any mortal man was ever placed in, but so far I have not deserted the people, and I believe they will not desert me. What principle have I violated? What sentiment have I swerved from? Can they put their finger upon it? Have you heard them point out any discrepancy? Have you heard them quote my predecessor, who fell a martyr to his country's cause, as going in opposition or in contradistinction to anything that I have done. The very policy which I am pursuing now was pursued under his administration, was being pursued by him when that inscrutable Providence saw fit to summon him, I trust to a better world than this. Where is there one principle adopted by him in reference to this restoration that I have departed from? (None, none.) The war then is not simply upon me, but upon my predecessor. I have tried to do my duty. I know that some people, in their jealousy, have made the remark that the White House is President. Just let me say that the charms of the White House, and all that sort of flummery, have less influence with me than with those who are talking about it. The little I eat or wear does not amount to much. That required to sustain me and my little family is very little—for I am not feeding many—though in one sense of consanguinity I am akin to everybody. The conscious satisfaction of having performed my duty to my country is all the reward I have.

Then in conclusion let me ask this vast concourse, this sea of upturned faces, to join with me in standing round the Constitution of our country. It is again unfolded, and the people are invited to read, to understand, and to maintain its provisions. Let us stand by the Constitution of our fathers though the heavens themselves may fall. Let us stand by it, though faction may rage; though taunts and jeers may come; though vituperation may come in its most violent character—I will be found standing by the Constitution as the chief rock of our safety, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberty. Yes, I will cling to it as the mariner clings to his last plank when night and tempest close around him.

Accept my thanks for the indulgence you have given me in making the extemporaneous remarks I have upon this occasion. Let us go forward, forgetting the past and looking to the future, and try to restore our country. Trusting in Him who rules on high that ere long our Union will be restored, and that we will have peace not only on earth but especially with the people of the United States and good will. I thank you, my countrymen, for the spirit you have manifested on this occasion. When your country is gone, and you are about that place, look out and you will find the humble individual who now stands before you, weeping over its final dissolution.

The President retired amid repeated cheers and the sound of music.

CHANTING CHERUBS.—MR. BEECHER'S PRAISES BY A NEW CHOIR.

From the Times.

A COURSE of lectures is in progress in Brooklyn, in which Carl Schurz, Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher have spoken on the aspect of national affairs. Mr. Schurz contented himself with an essay on political economy in general, devoting himself to the culture of Mr. Johnson in the colored classics in particular, while Mr. Phillips, in his bland and oleaginous manner, damned the Administration, and classed the President with Burr, Arnold and poor old Jeff. To an audience of his fellow-townsmen larger by far than those which assembled to hear his predecessors, Mr. Beecher spoke last night for an hour and a half in a manner as felicitous as his matter. Standing squarely on the rock of universal liberty, of equal rights to all mankind, he remembered that there were two sides to every question, and suggested in his peculiarly humorous way that the ultra friends of the negro were so very near him that they failed to see him in his proper light, and that in their eagerness to do him a benefit, they were, by injuring everybody about him, doing him an essential injury. Without entering upon a discussion of the provisions of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, he sustained the President's action, saying that his veto had produced upon his mind a strong and deep impression. His eulogy of the President, his tribute to his personal and official purity and honesty, were eminently gratifying to an audience which a week before had been insulted in the person of their Chief Magistrate, and his argument in favor of the immediate admission of Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, was received with a storm of applause, equalled only by the burst of laughter which greeted his reason for leaving South Carolina out in the cold. We regret that we cannot reproduce the address entire. It was full of point, pith and fire, and will produce a sensation throughout the country second to no one thing that has fallen from his lips before. His friends and those of Gov. Parsons, of Alabama, will be pleased to note that he denies point blank the statement made by Mr. Phillips in regard to the reception awarded Gov. Parsons and his proposition for a loan of $1,500,000 in Boston.

Mr. Beecher is suffering severely for his recent course, as well as the President. We do not know that it is exactly correct to say that he is suffering; for a man who is attacked is not always a sufferer. But he is assailed with a bitterness and fury only less vindictive than that directed upon the President. Were he in the President's place there would no personal slander too foul to heap upon him. As it is, if he continues to defend the Constitution, we have no doubt he will soon be shown to be the personal incarnation of all evil; and if he be not ousted from his pulpit, it will be because his congregation do not altogether credit all they read or hear. We may say gravely, however, that the sort of passionate vituperation now indulged in so extensively, is rather a poor, though perhaps a convenient, substitute for reason and common sense.

From the Evening Post.

HENRY WARD BEECHER made an address last evening in the regular course of lectures in which Carl Schurz and Wendell Phillips have already spoken, and every gentleman who heard him will agree, we think, that for sound logic, earnest eloquence, deep pathos, flashing wit and overwhelming power, it has never been surpassed by any effort of the distinguished orator. Mr. Beecher was, perhaps, stung to an unusual degree of feeling by the exceedingly ungenerous if not ungentlemanly reference which Wendell Phillips had made to him personally—a reference wholly untrue, as it appears, in its assumption of facts; but besides that, his whole soul and mind seemed to be in his subject, and for an hour and a half he spoke with an intensity and fervor that not only delighted but carried away his audience. The applause seemed to be an almost unbroken roll of thunder.

With that good common sense, and sound judgment, which is quite as conspicuous in Mr. Beecher as any other quality of his mind, he urged that as the war had been put down, the methods of war were needless; that discretion, kindliness, wisdom, were the weapons now to be exercised; and that while we could not change the feelings of Southern men at once, we could mollify, elevate, and gradually transform them. The freedmen, Mr. Beecher said, must be protected, as all men must, but they must be protected, not at the expense of the Constitution, but by means of its integrity. He approved the veto of the President, rebuked the one-sided zeal of partisans, who see nothing of the operation of the great social and economical laws, and he pleaded with all the fervor of what Phillips called him in derision against the concentration of power at Washington, and in favor of the speedy revival of local legislation.

We regret that no adequate report enables us to lay this speech before our readers.

From the Daily News.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER delivered an address last evening in Brooklyn, sustaining the President's veto, and taking the ground that the Southern States should be admitted without further delay. We welcome with pleasure all such evidences of good sense and patriotism on the part of this distinguished gentleman, who has, on many recent occasions, deserved the commendation of the conservative people of the country. In these instances he has bravely stemmed the popular current of his associates. We believe he will find the public sentiment, at this time, to set overwhelmingly in the direction he has taken.

From the World.

IT is gratifying to note that, ever since Henry Ward Beecher made a study of the doctrine of eternal punishment, his views on national affairs have become more conservative. In his "green and salad days," before his judgment ripened, he was a red-hot Radical, and given to very eccentric notions on morals and theology. But when the subject of hell fire was presented to him, although he expressed some doubts as to its literalness, yet it effected a happy change in his politics. He evidently made up his mind that, although there might be no such place as hell, he had better so shape his conduct that he would never go there if he was mistaken. We commend this idea to Stevens, Sumner, and Greeley. When they feel uncharitable and malignant toward their neighbors, let them consult Beecher on hell fire, and govern themselves accordingly.

From the Herald.

THE address of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on the great political questions of the day, which we published yesterday, is quite a feather in his cap. It is as different from the gloomy and vindictive philippics of Wendell Phillips as day is from darkness. It is in the temper of a Christian and a statesman, which is altogether different from the temper of Thaddeus Stevens. "Brother Beecher" has faith in Andrew Johnson. Good. He believes that the war for the Union is a success, and that negro emancipation is a success. Good. He holds that the Southern States should be re-admitted into Congress at once. Good. In fact, the general argument of his speech is that of a Christian who has passed through the fire and come out without the smell of burned rags upon his garments, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. The example of such a leader of the great emancipation movement will not be without its influence among the religious elements of the North and the blacks of the North. Surely the President cannot be far wrong when such veteran champions of the black race and their rights as Henry Ward Beecher and William Lloyd Garrison are among his defenders. We commend a careful reading of this great discourse of Mr. Beecher to Thaddeus Stevens; for such a reading can hardly fail to do him good, troubled as he is by earthquakes.

Selections.

"ALL ON ONE SIDE."

[The New York *Tribune* had a good article last Thursday, from which we extract the following. It is headed "All on One Side." For a good while back, many of its articles might have been headed, *One on All Sides.* The veto and the speeches of last week are bringing many to their reason and all to one side or the other on the vital questions of the hour. The italics are mostly ours:]

WE believe in magnanimity. We want the Southern States restored to their old position in the Union at the earliest day—this week—now. We want nobody killed, nor beggared, nor even disfranchised, merely because he has been a bitter, implacable rebel. We are more than willing to let bygones be bygones—to forget that there has ever been a civil war, and that any Americans ever wished to divide and destroy their country.

We can surrender to National restoration and fraternity everything but Good Faith. We can regard and treat the rebels as our countrymen, provided they will regard and treat the steadfast loyalists in like manner. We stand ready and eager to forgive them for having been rebels if they will forgive three or four millions of Unionists for having been born black.

Was ever the like spectacle presented in any other country just recovering from the shock of civil war? We, who won a complete victory in sustaining the Government against the rebellion say, "let the laws regard and treat us all alike—rebels, Copperheads, Unionists—we ask only that we who won shall be equal in the law's eye to you who were beaten." But this the rebels refuse, insisting on a "restoration" which shall place three or four millions of us completely at their mercy. We cannot be guilty of such perfidy.

We hear on every corner men saying, "The negroes did very little for the Union;" "They did more for the rebellion than against it." They who say this are seeking to excuse baseness by falsehood. There was never an hour of the struggle wherein the sympathies of the blacks as a class were not instinctively, heartily, on the side of the Union; and their devotion to the national cause grew stronger and stronger to the last. The negro-hating Democrat whom high bounties tempted to enlist in the Union armies, if at any time an escaped prisoner or scout within the lines of the rebel armies, was very careful to keep out of the way of every white he did not know, and to cast himself without reserve or fear on the good will of any negro, no matter how ignorant, stupid or cowardly. He might not be helped, where the risk seemed too great; but he was never wilfully betrayed. No negro ever undertook to be *his* Moses and led him into the clutches of his deadly foes.

Our adversaries say, "The Southern people ought to be represented in Congress." Yes, we respond; certainly—soon—at once. But you mean that a *part* of those people should be represented, and should represent also the rest; but you deny to these any representation whatever—nay, you insist that they shall be flagrantly *mis*represented. You say "No Taxation without Representation"—and when we close with you, and offer to settle all our remaining differences on that platform, you draw back at once, and insist that only that class of Southerners who were preponderantly rebel shall have any voice in choosing the representation of their respective States. *A clear majority of the people of several of those States were always for the Union:* you insist that these shall not vote, but that the rebels shall vote for them. If they were *our own rights* that you asked us to surrender, we might comply, incurring no harsher imputation than that of weakness; but when you ask us to surrender the rights of our humble allies in the late desperate struggle, you ask us to aggravate perfidy by ingratitude.

"There are some who say, "Let us treat the South with generous confidence." Certainly; but not at the expense of honor and good faith. If you were intrusted by a friend with his money, and he were about to go into a duel, you could not expect him to be satisfied with the answer, "I gave it to your enemy, in order to evince my confidence in him." "Sir," he would naturally rejoin, "it was *my* business to evince confidence in the disposal of my money—*you* should have given something that was your own."

We are quite as sanguine as those who boast more, that all will come out right in the end. We whom Congress faithfully represents are a majority of the American people at the South as well as at the North. The fierce demand for an immediate representation of the South in Congress comes from those who are resolved that the Southern *people* shall *not* be fully and fairly represented, but only *a part of them*, who seek to stifle and politically nullify the rest. The Copperhead expectation of a speedy ascendancy in the Government is based on a denial of human rights to four millions of Southern citizens—*the bone and sinew of the South—the conservators of her loyalty—the tillers of her soil.* Our opponents demand representation for a part only—we insist on All Rights for All.

CONGRESS.

[The proceedings of Congress last week were enlivened somewhat, amid the gloom produced by the veto message, by a little gallant sparring among the old bachelors and others on the subject of Female Suffrage.]

SENATE.—Mr. Henderson (Mo.) on Thursday presented the petition of women of New York, asking for the right of suffrage. Accompanying this petition was a letter to Mr. Henderson, from the signers, expressing astonishment at the views on this subject recently expressed by Messrs. Yates and Sumner, especially from such a champion of equal rights as the latter gentleman.

Mr. Henderson was proceeding with a few remarks on the subject of the petition, when he was called to order by Mr. Saulsbury, who said it was not in order for one who had lived an old bachelor as long as Mr. Henderson to discuss the question of women's rights. (Laughter.)

Mr. Yates (Ill.) at the conclusion of Mr. Henderson's remarks said: I wish to ask the Senator from Missouri a question. I understand him to be in favor of amending the Constitution of the United States, so that there shall be no distinction on account of color; will he accept an amendment to that proposition that there shall be no distinction on account of sex? I ask the Senator from Missouri whether he will accept that amendment.

Mr. Henderson—I have given my views on that question very distinctly. If the Senator had listened to the latter part of my remarks he would not have to ask the question. I do not think upon the mere presentation of the petition he is in order to discuss the merits of the petition; therefore I hope he will not persist in his question.

Mr. Yates—I simply desire to say that I am not proposing to amend the Constitution; I simply desire to give, by act of Congress, rights to those who have rights already under the Constitution as already amended. When I propose to amend the Constitution the question will come up whether I will be in favor of giving the right of suffrage to women.

Mr. Sumner—I wish to make one observation. The Senator began by an allusion to myself, and the remarks which fell from me the other day on presenting a petition from women of the United States, calling for the ballot. I took occasion then to remark that, in my opinion, the petition at that time was not judicious. That is what I said. I did not undertake to express any opinion on the great question, whether woman should vote or should nor vote. I did venture to say, that in my opinion it was not judicious for them, at this moment, to bring forward their claims so as to compromise in any way the great question of equal rights for an enfranchised race, which is now before Congress. The Senator has read from a letter a suggestion that I did not present the petition in a creditable way. I have to felicitate my excellent friend in the very creditable way in which he has presented the petition.

Mr. Yates—Allow me to suggest that when two gentlemen arrive at the age, one of 49 and the other of 63, without testifying their appreciation of women by getting married, they have no right to discuss the question of women's rights in the Senate. (Laughter.)

FRIDAY—SENATE.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to continue in force the present Freedmen's Bureau for two years, which was referred to the Military Committee. A bill to indemnify Kansas for expenses in calling out militia was introduced and referred. Mr. Fessenden moved to take up the concurrent resolution of the House against the admission of rebel claimants to seats in Congress. Mr. Sherman opposed. After debate, Mr. Fessenden's motion was carried by 26 to 19, and he then discussed the resolution.

In support of his motion Mr. Fessenden spoke at much length, with interruptions by Messrs. Doolittle, Sherman and others. He said charges have been made with reference to the Committee of which I have the honor to be one, and I feel compelled to vindicate it. Before proceeding further I will send to the Secretary's desk to be read an extract from a speech made by the President of the United States to his fellow-citizens yesterday, as follows:

"We find that in an irresponsible central directory nearly all the powers of the Government are assumed, without even consulting the Legislative or Executive Department of the Government. Yes, and by a resolution reported by a Committee upon whom all the Legislative power of the Government has been conferred, that great principle in the Constitution which authorizes and empowers each branch of the Legislative Department, the Senate and House of Representatives, to be the judge of the election and qualification of its own members, has been virtually taken away from these departments of Government and conferred upon a Committee, who must report before they can act under the Constitution and allow members duly elected to take their seats."

Mr. Fessenden continued: It will be noticed that in the extract which has been read there were very serious charges; one that there is an effort made to concentrate all power in the hands of a few, and in connection with that, that all power is to be lodged and is lodged in a sort of Central Committee.

Mr. Howard—Central Directory, he calls it.

* * * * * * * *

Now, sir, were we doing anything more than was right? Was it not advisable? It was not a simple question, as we understood it, relating to the credentials of Senators and members. It was believed that at the very foundation of the whole question of the admission of members lay this: Whether the condition of the States was such as to render the admission of members safe and advisable. Now, sir, I have had this extract from the President's speech read simply to show precisely what everybody must admit on this subject as I have stated it. I will read another short paragraph from that speech. Says the President:

"I am free to say, as your Executive, that I am not prepared to take any such position. I said in the Senate, in the very inception of the rebellion, that States had no right to go out, and that they had no power to go out. That question has been settled, and I cannot turn round now and give the lie direct to all I profess to have done in the last five years. I can do no such thing. I say that when they comply with the Constitution, when they have given sufficient evidence of their loyalty and that they can be trusted, when they yield obedience to the law, I say extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and let peace and union be restored."

So say I. So say all. When they do that there will be no objection to their representation.

Mr. Sumner—There is no difference on that question.

Mr. Fessenden—And the President himself instead of saying anything different from us, says whenever they complied with these conditions that they ought to be admitted. Mr. Fessenden continued advocating the right of Congress to inquire whether the conditions named by the President had been complied with, stating that if the President had simply dissented from the Freedmen's Bureau bill, nobody would have submitted to it with better grace than himself. His objection to it was the argument used by the President to sustain it. He contended for the right of Congress to decide on the fitness of the Southern States for representation

army who has been on duty in that district, makes a boast among intimates of having made a fortune out of this vile traffic. Mr. Clark has just carried through a bill looking for the suppression of this kidnapping and the punishment of those engaged in it. The writer of the letter makes an earnest appeal for a Congressional investigating committee, whose duty it shall be to ventilate and get at the facts in the shameless veniality, corruption, frauds and cruelty now being carried on by our own officers in conjunction with the shrewder rebels.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT OF THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NO STATE SHALL MAKE ANY DISTINCTION IN CIVIL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES AMONG THE NATURALIZED CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES RESIDING WITHIN ITS LIMITS, OR AMONG PERSONS BORN ON ITS SOIL OF PARENTS PERMANENTLY RESIDENT THERE, ON ACCOUNT OF RACE, COLOR, OR DESCENT.

WHO ARE THE ASSASSINS.

THERE was a period in Hebrew history when, on account of the general idolatry and immorality, it was threatened that the meanest of the nation should be set in the high places of power. At another time the wickedness, or weakness, or both, were such, that it was prophesied to the people, as a judgment, that "women should rule over them."

Rome in her decline and fall, reached a period when both these penalties and more were inflicted or self-imposed upon her. A youthful but debauched Emperor called his mother and grandmother to share the throne with him, then instituted a Senate of women, and finally commissioned his favorite horse first consul of the realm. Such was his government. For the worship, he enshrined the Phœnician Deity, Heliogabalus, which was nothing but a large black stone of conical shape, and this was the god. To this ridiculous object (after which the Emperor seems to have been named), gorgeous temples were reared, and the altars of other divinities were plundered to adorn them. But such shameless devotions as were paid in these sanctuaries of lust and cruelty, soon influenced to a high pitch of just indignation all the virtue and decency remaining in the nation. Even the wrath of the soldiers was aroused by the imperial rapacity and debaucheries of the court, and the Emperor fled to save his worthless life. He was found hidden among the filth and excrements of the camp, in the arms of his equally profligate mother, and was beheaded before he was eighteen years old, and in only the fourth year of his reign.

It is fast coming to be seen and admitted that nations produce their governments by natural growth. Not the snail and the silkworm only, build their houses out of themselves. Man, too, spins his habitation out of his body and brain. So with nations and their governments. The Roman Emperorship, we are told, was once sold at auction in the market. To that degradation did the nation decline. And whose the present Chief Magistrate of the United States? How came he so to be? Who expected to gather the clusters of Eschol from the infernal Upas of Southern slavery? Who or what is a poor, white, southern, slaveholding democrat, that he should thus be distinguished, after the experiences of the diabolical institution, for almost a hundred years? Perhaps it is not his own fault. The serpent cannot be blamed that he was not created a seraph. But a wise man would not put him in his bosom to sting him, nor to sleep with his children, till they were poisoned to death. Men who make rulers, and laws, should know what they do.

Thirty centuries ago almost, it was a proverb, "like people, like priest." It was good philosophy when one said, "let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who make the laws." The power behind the throne is always greater than the throne. Bloody revolutions, regicides and assassinations of rulers, are all provisions of nature herself. They come of divine appointment. There are stages of development suited to produce them. They must be justified only on the ground of necessity. If a ruler so shape his government as that there is no possible road to freedom and justice but through his blood, his blood will surely flow. Freedom is God's law; peacefully, if possible, but freedom at any rate. The subterranean fires of the human soul are kindled by breath divine, and Mount Etna may as well regulate her eruptions by the ten commandments, as that soul, when its hour comes.

The old despotisms were all based on a volcano, with as many perils, as many prophecies of overthrow, as there were moral and intelligent beings crushed beneath their irresponsible power. So are the new. Every human throat was and is a crater to emit destructive fires. The tyrant might build his throne to the clouds, and think to be beyond reach of the power or the prayers of his victim subjects. But every such experiment has failed, and throne and occupant have ere long been beheld, as in the gospel vision, falling like lightning from heaven. And at every such triumph over tyranny, of the people over power and injustice, the morning stars have sung together, and the sons of God have shouted for joy.

But to the honor of God and the happiness of the nations, the period of, or at least the necessity for bloody revolutions is hastening away. Constitutional and representative governments are the remedy for these grosser abuses of the rights and powers of the chief or sovereign. The French Revolution, which Carlyle calls, and not inaptly, "the suicide of the eighteenth century," came because it must. It was impelled by laws beyond all human control. The throne of Louis the Sixteenth and the foundations of the city of Lisbon forty years before were shaken down by the same divine decree, the one by a moral the other by a material earthquake. Let men hereafter learn whereon to build their cities and their thrones. Such was the voice of God in those wondrous phenomena. It has been said that the earthquake which shook down Lisbon, sent waves across the Atlantic, that dashed all along the coast of the Western hemisphere. So also should its lessons have come. Certainly the fall of the throne of France shook the underpinning of every despotism on the globe to its foundation stones. All such scripture hieroglyphed in ruined cities and thrones, is given by inspiration of God and is indeed profitable for instruction in the divine wisdom, would the nations but learn its lessons. This scripture needs no learned commentator, no wise interpretation. It cannot be misinterpreted, mistranslated, or misunderstood. Like the cloven tongues of fire on the day of Pentecost, it speaks to every man in the language wherein he was born.

When men believe in God, and put away their atheism, in government as well as religion, and learn that righteousness exalts and establishes a nation, while sin is a reproach, and the ruin, too, of any people, there will come an end of all bloody revolutions. Our nation though latest born, was still, as theologians might say, "born under the curse." It had to be born again. It had to pass through circumcisions of war and baptisms of blood. But it is learning to believe in truth and justice. Let us hope it is already sanctified in part, as it begins to know in part. Even the old slaveholders are beginning to "see men as trees walking." Heretofore they have seen them only as trees. Four millions of immortal intelligences have been to them but a dark and vast forest, to be pruned, grafted, cultivated for fruit, or to be hewn down and cast into the fire, as best suited their profit or pleasure. Now, even the Vice-President of the late Southern Confederacy has his eyes unshingled of all their scales, and his trees begin to walk in glory and manhood before him. Let the government make haste to pardon him, and to send him forth a missionary and minister to his still benighted brethren.

When men learn and practice the divine justice, and base, construct, or reconstruct government on that principle, fear and dread of one another cease, and the whole people become the body-guard of the ruling authorities. The recent bloody imbroglio in Jamaica was only the penalty for disregarding the law of right. Thousands of innocent persons were deliberately butchered there by a government that knew it had incurred the just displeasure of the class of the inhabitants that had been oppressed so long. As the thief doth deem each bush an officer, so does an oppressive ruler or government ever hear the step of Nemesis close behind. And every despot surrounds himself with body-guards and life defenses on every hand. "Is this a dagger that I see before me," is his exclamation at every new vision! So was it in Jamaica, so will it be with us, until we believe in the great trinity of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Our rebel States will be the same number of Jamaicas, until the demon of slavery is wholly cast out. Men will be cruel while they are cowards, and cowards as long as they are unjust. Abraham Lincoln walked serenely into Richmond leading a child by the hand, dreading no evil because he was deserving no evil. He was there not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. He was there to bid destruction cease.

The President seems to dread assassination today; and to dwell upon it as though there could be real danger. But all such talk comes only of that "conscience which doth make cowards of us all." The truly just and good may be stricken down. They have been. But in a government of the people, it was always in the interest of despots and tyrants. It was slavery, not freedom, which sent the bullet through the brain of Abraham Lincoln. John Brown was executed that Virginia might still breed slavery for Southern markets, and grow rich by a horrid brokerage in blood and bones, bodies and souls. But as with Him of Calvary, the very virtue of the victim set his cross on fire, and it shines a beacon, while his soul and the nation go marching on in its light. And history will embalm and enshrine the memory of these two immortal confessors, among her most sacred treasures.

The scroll of martyrs is engraven on the arm of the Infinite Love. It is more sacred than the apple of the All-seeing Eye. The name of Wm. H. Seward was not worthy. Severely he suffered, but he survived. Else men would have cried, *Is Seward also among the martyrs?* Those especially who have breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the Abolitionists, even unto this hour, may talk of assassination, may even dread it, knowing what they have done, and what they deserve. He who has made solemn pledge to the ear, and then broken it to the heart and the hope of the poor bondmen; who has *promised Moses* and *performed Pharaoh* to them; who would now banish them from their native land, a land they have enriched with their toil and saved with their blood, unless they will still bow a servile neck and knee to his "white man's government," may well be haunted day and night, with fearful forebodings. The first murderer, as our history reads, shrieked in his terror, "Whosoever findeth me shall slay me." But the eternal God answered, "Whoso slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him, seven fold!"

O, no! death by violence awaits not the head of the present American government. Tyrants, rebels, secessionists and assassins, know and love him too well, and are all retained on the other side.

THE NERVOUS MAN AND THE MAN OF NERVE.

THE last has been an eventful week in the history of the nation. First came the veto of the Freedman's bill, then Mr. Beecher's endorsement of the President's policy in Brooklyn Academy of Music, before a splendid audience, the galleries crowded to the very dome. In opening, Mr. Beecher stated the immutable principles of civil, political and social life, with logic and pathos, claiming the right of suffrage for all white men, black men, and women.

Who can measure the responsibility of those to whom the gods have given the power of eloquence? As he stood before us, growing larger and larger with each grand thought (for in inspired moments the temple of the spirit seems to swell as if to give the flowing tide of feeling, latitude), it was interesting to see him, and the great popular heart responded to every truth he uttered. For full half his speech the electric currents flowed freely between him and his audience; for no man can surpass Mr. Beecher in his way of stating the republican idea to please all classes of mind at the same time. But the moment he came down from the Gibraltar rock of justice, to skate round on the slippery crust of policy, the atmosphere of the house was changed, the enthusiasm ebbed at once, and those who felt most deeply the pressure of the hour, sat cold, silent and motionless to the sad end. The speaker himself seemed to shrink with his narrowed thought, and no doubt went to his home and his God as unsatisfied as he left the best of his audience. It was pitiful to hear such lips counsel a victorious North to admit slaveholders again, with all their pride and hate, into the councils of the nation, before they blot from their statute books, their infamous code of black laws, which make the amendment of the Constitution a nullity through all the Southern States. Since then we have had another speech from the President, showing that he is more nervous about his own life, than the integrity of the nation. Then we have had his Secretary of State in Cooper Institute, to clear away the fog and mist of the situation. He tells us all is safe; there is nothing to fear, and gives us the difference between men of nerve and nervous men, though he made a slight mistake in placing the nervous men in Congress, instead of in the editorial chair, Plymouth church or the White House, as is shown by that remarkable speech on Washington's birth-day. But the Secretary said one good thing—referring, I suppose, to the virtue and power of the American people—that it made no difference to the ship of state what those who walked the deck thought or said, or did, or whether they were all washed overboard. He thought the voyage might be made and the harbor of safety reached, even if he himself should be one of the unfortunates. Imagine the Secretary and his Mephistopheles overboard; what an irrepressible conflict there would be with wind and waves before they would sink to rise no more! True, we might clear the deck of many with safety; but to ride out this storm, we would do well to strap fast such men as Fessenden, Sumner and Stevens with our confidence and support; for, whatever the Secretary may say, there is a real difference in principle between Congress and the Radicals on one side, and the President, Mr. Seward, Mr. Beecher, the New York press and the Union meeting in Cooper Institute, on the other. Congress says, let us reconstruct on the true republican idea, without a privileged order—let all men stand equal before the law. To this end we have amended the Constitution, declaring there shall be no slavery in all the land. But to make freedom a fact, every citizen must have the power of self-protection. The one thing they demand of each Southern State is that it return to the Union with a republican form of government. By giving suffrage to the black man, the problem of Southern life is solved. No need then of Freedmen's Bureaus or colonization. Everybody of sagacity knows that there would not be the same antagonism between a white and black legislator in the halls of Congress, as between a white master and a black disfranchised laborer, on a Southern plantation.

Give the black man the right to protect himself with bullet and ballot, and he will not ask old clothes, rations or transportation at your hands.

Now freedom controls the national councils, and she says to the rebellious States outside clamoring to get in, go home and get vouchers for your good behavior from your loyal men, black and white. Whatever representatives they endorse with their votes, she will accept. If it is bad for a Stephens, a Mason, a Slidell or a Davis not to be represented at Washington, it is equally bad for a Douglass, a Downing, a Robert Sutton, or a Robert Small. If Sumner and Stevens cannot legislate for rebels, how can Mason and Slidell legislate for loyal black men who believe in Northern ideas, and have been running away from Southern institutions as fast as possible for the last century? The only point Radicals make, is, that representatives shall come from *all* the people. Congress does not complain that too many representatives stand knocking at the door, but too few. If Sumner and Stevens could hear to-morrow that the blacks at the South had the right of suffrage secured to them, they would dissolve the Committee of Fifteen at once, throw the doors of Congress wide open, and take their seats as mild as lambs; and no doubt each one indite a loving letter to the President, to disabuse his mind of all fear of assassination at their hands.

We fought seven years with Great Britain to establish a republic on this continent, and triumphed over her; but in taking South Carolina with her slaves into the Union, we sacrificed the very principle for which we had contended. The result has been discontent, conflict and war. Again we have fought four years with a Southern aristocracy, and triumphed; and now with the right and power to make this nation republican, and bless every State with a higher civilization, shall we reconstruct a second time on the narrow basis proposed by short-sighted politicians?

Our "nervous men" are setting forth the need of union, with all the pathos and power that the fathers did in the Convention of '87, and using the very same arguments. They told us a century ago that slavery was dead. With a law to prevent the African slave-trade, "it must soon pass away." It is," said they, "merely a question of time." Just so our leaders tell us, that slavery has "gone to the dogs." "With an Amendment to the Constitution, what is there to fear?" But we know that, in spite of the assurances of the fathers, it lived and grew and controlled the Government, and will again, if we leave one root of that deadly Upas tree on this Continent.

Have these States asking admission brought their constitutions and laws into harmony with the requisitions of freedom? Do they propose to legislate hereafter for men and citizens, and not for lords and serfs? The aristocratic and democratic ideas cannot exist side by side. One or the other must control. Which shall it be? Congress says the latter; the President, the former. It is for the people to decide between them. And the question before the nation now is, shall we have free men, free homes, free schools, free labor; or, after all, acknowledge the principle of class and caste as heaven-descended? In the face of our Declaration of Independence, Constitution, and two revolutions, to make all men equal, shall we confess that God made one class of men booted and spurred to ride the other? No, no; the life of a nation does not depend on a mere political union of States that can never harmonize but on the unity of the people, based on the great moral idea of equal rights to every citizen, without regard to class, color or sex.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.—Commenting on the Freedmen's vetoed Protection Bill, the Portsmouth (N. H.) *Journal* well says: "This measure seemed to be demanded under the present exigencies, and the condition of the rebellious States. The former act has been continued, and more extensive authority vested in the chief commander and his assistants, who by this bill were to be located in the several districts of the rebellious States, for the protection of all loyal persons, and to punish all who shall violate the provisions of the law. There is yet no peace, nor security for permanent peace. Most of the insurgent States are now in an anarchical condition, and such acts of violence, even murder, are so frequently committed, as would justify a declaration of war against a foreign nation guilty of similar offences. To say, then, that the South are at peace with the North, would be a denial of the facts. They have only laid down their arms, still having the disposition to rise again, and would, were it not for fear of our Northern armies. Should our military forces be now withdrawn, it would be difficult to predict all the disastrous consequences that would ensue. The colored people who could not escape, would be exterminated, or else reduced to a state of oppressive servitude. The loyal whites would be in danger of their lives. Northern or foreign immigrants going to settle there, would be compelled to return. The Freedmen's Bureau, therefore, became a *military necessity* for the protection of the loyal people, and also to prevent another rebellion."

SOLID ARGUMENT.—The New York *Observer* says: "'*If our church members would not sustain theatres and operas, they would not be sustained at all!* We put that remark in italics, that it may be distinctly read and challenged. We repeat the idea: withdraw from the theatres and operas in any American city the patronage of those who are members of the Christian churches, and of course those who are under the control of such members, and the theatre and opera could not live. They would be left to the support of those who do not regard reputation as worth anything. They would be voted as immoral at once, and would be soon abandoned.' This is, to say the least, a serious statement for members of Christian churches to ponder." To which let this be added: In the early years of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, a powerful Tract was written by an elder in the Presbyterian church, and a Judge, too, in one of the courts, entitled, "THE AMERICAN CHURCH THE BULWARK OF AMERICAN SLAVERY." Later, a larger Tract appeared on the same subject with this title—"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES, A TRUE PICTURE OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH AND CLERGY;" and still later, another entitled, "THE CHURCH AS IT IS; OR SLAVERY'S FORLORN HOPE."

The argument of those three publications was precisely that of the *Observer* above, from premise to conclusion, and through the inferences and application. Does not the *Observer* remember?

SEEING IT AT LAST.—The Abolitionists since the war, with its alarming effects on the minds and action of many of their own number, have constantly endeavored to sound and to impress on the people, the "*warning*" so forcibly uttered by Col. Forney in the Philadelphia *Press* as follows: "Never let the 22d of February, 1866, be forgotten by the American people. Above all let the scene now transpiring in the District of Columbia be sealed among their lasting recollections. It is at once a warning and a vindication—a warning against placing any confidence in men that do not *come up to the full measure of public duty in a great crisis, and a vindication of the justice and necessity of those radical measures, which, however depreciated and doubted, have always proved to be the only efficient remedies against impenitent treason.*"

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.—The Yates County *Chronicle*, one of the best and truest journals in the interior of New York, closes an article on the President's veto of the Freedmen's Bill with these words: "We had a right to expect better things of Andrew Johnson. He was too loyal and too much a determined friend of the Union, in its darkest and most perilous hours, to put himself now at the head of the defeated rebels to discomfit and humiliate those who stood true and firm with him. But if we must witness such a defection, we must. Our own duty will be none the less clear. Stand for the Right!"

RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—The Legislature of Massachusetts on Monday in the lower branch introduced the following Resolution and referred it to the Committee on Federal Relations:

Resolved, That the recent public attack upon one of the honored and beloved Senators of Massachusetts by the President of the United States, in a public speech in the City of Washington, is an insult to the Commonwealth as unjust as it was undignified and disgraceful, and calls for the indignant rebuke of every patriotic citizen of that State to whose sons the country is so largely indebted for the salvation of the National Capital, when those who heard and applauded that attack were traitorously plotting to plant the standard of treason upon its walls and to destroy the Constitution and the Government.

CALENDAR OF HEROES FOR 1866.—A Washington correspondent says evidently as touching the veto:

"The usual Tuesday evening reception at the White House was, because of the situation of affairs, denied to the public. Some of the revelers at Willard's publicly drank the toast: 'The three chief Americans of the present day: Jefferson Davis, Andrew Johnson and Robert E. Lee?' The evening organ of the opposition says: 'The President will put down treason in the councils of the nation as he did in the field.' The call is out for a mass meeting on Thursday, to uphold the President in his policy, and among its signers are scores of men known here for four years as rebel sympathizers. These are facts; let the rumors pass unnoticed."

"READING THE PROCLAMATION."—Messrs. S. A. Peters & Co., Hartford, have published a beautiful steel engraving entitled, "Reading the Proclamation of Emancipation in the Slave's Cabin." The design is said to be entirely original by a bank note artist, and is indeed truly elegant. Twelve distinct figures are represented—while underneath the whole is a life-like portrait of our lamented President, encircled with the closing sentences of the Proclamation. The engraving, too, we are assured, is by one of the best workmen in the country. The size of the picture is 21½ by 25 inches. On receipt of two dollars, the publishers promise to forward sample print by mail, with conditions to agents, post paid, or will send circular free.

BOOK NOTICES.—Messrs. Ticknor and Fields are alone making Boston almost worthy to be called the "Athens of America." No other press in the land teems with so many valuable periodicals, not to speak of their other departments. We are indebted to it for the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, (a most excellent number) *Our Young Folks*, and *Every Saturday*, a recent enterprise, but which under their admirable conduct, promises to be one of superior interest.

We have also the *Phrenological Journal* and *Demorest* for March, both as usual recommending themselves in their respective spheres, by elegant plates and valuable reading matter. Of the *Radical* we will speak at more length next week. Theological Reform is, after all, the very vital blood of all reform, dealing as it does so directly with the problems of the heart and soul. We intended, at least, to notice the receipt of several other favors, but space forbids till another week.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. William Parmenter, formerly a Democratic member of Congress from Massachusetts, died yesterday at his residence at East Cambridge.

A dispatch to the *Tribune* says: "Judge Conway, late of Kansas, has been invited by the House of Delegates to address them, by an opon vote of 36 to 32, in support of the President's policy."

Mr. Johnson Rideout, who died at Bath, Me., a few weeks ago, was the largest ship builder that ever lived in Maine. He launched his first vessel in 1823, and from that time till his death, he built 49 ships, 5 barks, 11 brigs, 5 steamers, and 1 schooner; making in all 50,765 tons of shipping. Mr. Rideout was among the earliest supporters of the anti-slavery enterprise in that State.

The Richmond *Examiner* was suppressed by order of Gen. Grant for disloyalty, and immediately revived, restored, and reconstructed by order of the White House. Pollard, its editor, *condescended* to an interview, in which he tells the world "*the President convinced him that he* (the President) *was the true friend of the South.* Pollard's first issue is filled with abuse of Congress, most of whom he regards as the enemies of that afflicted people."

By the papers we have tracked Anna E. Dickinson to Wisconsin. The Fon du Lac *Commonwealth* says of her: "The most famous of eloquent women speaks in Amory Hall one week from to-night—the 28th inst. The sale of reserved seats commenced at the store of Curran & Kalk, last Saturday, eleven days before the time for the lecture, and many seats were taken the first day." Having a heart, an eloquent tongue, and freedom for her theme, she has achieved a fame upon the rostrum, probably second to no lady in the world.

The Roxbury (Mass.) *Journal* is but one of many editorial voices in the following: "Henry Ward Beecher has made a speech in New York sustaining the President's veto! It is the most astounding specimen of false logic, mental perversity, and wilful blindness to the light that is all about, that we ever read, or even conceived of. His argument in favor of admitting one geographical class of States and excluding another is too utterly childish to merit notice. It will be received with derision by all parties to this controversy. Mr. Beecher still claims to be an honest anti-slavery man, and we presume he is so. His misfortune is that he is a —— Beecher."

Frederick Douglass, in a letter to a friend in Hoboken, states that passing through Baltimore last Sunday night, on his way to the railroad station, he was recognized, followed, and finally set upon by three assassins, one hurling a brick, and another aiming a pistol at him. The brick was hurled with great energy, and grazed his right knee; but the pistol failed to go off. Friends who accompanied him to the station called the "watch" as soon as the pistol was drawn, whereupon the assassins disappeared in the darkness. "Three assassins," the same number *named* as well as suspected last week in Washington. While peaceable citizens are shot at in the streets, should not those desperate men, "Stevens, Sumner and Wendell Phillips," on whom suspicion so heavily rests, be forthwith placed under bonds to keep the peace?

Wisconsin, it would seem, could hardly *do less* than send a *Doolittle* to represent her in the United States Senate. Certainly she could not have done worse from her own representation; for the Fond du Lac *Commonwealth* says of him: "Doolittle in his speech in reply to Howe's first speech on reconstruction, made the claim that his views represented more of the people, that is two-thirds, of the State of Wisconsin. Howe claimed he represented a vast majority of those truly loyal. If Doolittle thinks it any merit in him to be representing the Copperheads, and the pure negro-hating Republicans, let him swagger, for those are the only two classes he does represent. We would like to see the crucial test between the two men submitted to the present Legislature."

Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison delivered a powerful address on Tuesday evening, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, to a large, and toward the close, while reviewing the course of the President, Secretary Seward and the New York press, a deeply interested and delighted audience. His terrible denunciation (not criticism) of President Johnson brought down the house in thunderpeals of applause and approval. Beecher also was reviewed with fearful severity. If Wendell Phillips chastises Andrew Johnson with whips, Garrison laid on with thongs of twisted scorpions. If he dreads "assassination" at the hands of Phillips, he will surely bind Garrison over to keep the peace, or confine him in irons within the strongest fortress in the land. The address was two hours in the delivery, but our readers shall see next week, that it had height and breadth as well as length, though we cannot promise it all.

Mr. Theodore Tilton was called out at the close and responded in a word as follows:

It is late. Do you believe in ghosts? Turn down these brilliant lights, and look through the darkness toward Washington. What do you see? I see the ghost of John Tyler hanging *like a vapor over the Presidential chair!* Take warning! Good night! (Applause.)

Parson Brownlow says: "The party denounced in Congress as Radicals, Abolitionists, and as a 'faction,' compose *two-thirds* of both Houses, and they are the Representatives of large majorities in all the loyal States, who will stand by them, even in a conflict with the President, and the new-born friends, galvanized loyalists, and amnestied patriots, who now crowd out from the White House all the tried loyalists of the country. Those who labor to bring on a conflict between the President and Congress are not the friends of either, as the future will show. For if the 'people' ever did plant themselves firmly on any platform, it is on the platform now occupied by the so-called Radicals or 'faction,' constituting the majority in the present Congress. We go with that 'faction' of Radicals; we approve their principles and live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, we risk our life, our fortune and our sacred honor, on board of that ship. It is a bark sailing under the banner of beauty and glory, the stars and stripes of this country—a banner that the conflicts of the last eighty years have never seen conquered. Always victorious, because always in the right, it is not to be disgraced by the combined assaults of home traitors or malignant foreign foes."

THE THIRTY-SECOND
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE Thirty-Second National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary was held, according to previous announcement, at "Music Hall," in Boston, on the 24th of January last, presenting the usual features of social interest and benevolent enterprise. There were present, as in years past, many of the true and fast friends of the colored race who evinced their interest in the cause by subscriptions and donations according to their ability. The pecuniary results (though for obvious reasons not as large as on similar occasions in times past) are much larger than we had reason to expect, and all-sufficient to encourage us in the special aim and objects as stated in the circular; and, surely, at the eventful crisis we have now reached, no objects can be more important politically and socially, than the sustention of such instrumentalities as the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY and its worthy organ the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

The amount collected or pledged was TWO THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOUR DOLLARS AND SEVENTY CENTS ($2,834 70)—and for this we renew our thanks to those ever constant friends whose names are enumerated in the list following.

By the decease of our excellent and benevolent friend, SAMUEL GALE, of Montreal, Canada, for several years past our largest contributor, and also, by the decease or withdrawal of other generous friends, on whom we have largely depended, the sum total of our receipts, as will be be seen, though encouraging, is considerably reduced.

Let us hope, however, in this pressing and critical hour of our needs, when the "powers of darkness" are so busy; that still further donations may be forthcoming; for, surely, never was there a time when the social interests and rights of the poor suffering negro were more seriously imperilled than now; never a time when "cunning craftiness" was so rife against him, whether by the exclusive and despotic policy of the President, the pro-slavery prejudices of the South, or the too great indifference of the North! The times demand of us imperatively, in every way, renewed vigilance, lest by these combined influences and busy intrigues, the great cause of justice be for a time impeded or overborne. Yet have we still, as ever, an unfailing faith in that Divine Providence which has watched over us and been with us from the first inception of our work; which "seeth the end from the beginning," which "maketh even the wrath and selfishness of man to praise him," and is ever infallible and omnipotent to the final pulling down of all the strongholds of iniquity or injustice.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

Of the Thirty-Second National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary, January 24, 1866.

Anna Shaw Greene	$200 00
Mrs. G. L. Stearns	200 00
Theodore Tilton	50 00
Evan Randolph	50 00
Hannah B. Spooner	50 00
Bourne Spooner	50 00
Anna E. Dickinson	25 00
Henry C. Davis	26 00
Lucy Stone	25 00
Mrs. Sarah Shaw Russell	200 00
Mrs. Ann G. Phillips	100 00
Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring	20 00
Mrs. Lydia Maria Child	20 00
T. C. Severance	10 00
Mrs. R. W. Emerson	10 00
Mrs. Otto Dresel	5 00
Dr. Samuel E. Sewall	10 00
Mrs. Spooner	2 00
Mrs. Gilliard	2 00
Helen P. Gilliard	3 00
Harriett Hallett	5 00
Anthony F. Clark	3 00
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Ober	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Merrill	5 00
Mrs. J. T. Sargent	10 00
George Baty Blake, Brookline	50 00
J. H. Stephenson	10 00
Mary Grew	5 00
E. N. Hallowell	5 00
Mary F. Littehale	5 00
Margaret J. Burleigh	5 00
Dr. David Thayer	5 00
Mrs. Thayer	5 00
S. H. Bowker	10 00
George O. Evans	10 00
Gerrit Smith	15 00
Elizabeth S. Miller, Peterboro	5 00
F. W. B.	10 00
Elizabeth D. Hallowell	5 00
Ednah D. Cheney	3 00
Miss D. H. Wilder	3 00
A Friend	3 00
William S. Sargent	2 00
Mrs. Channing	2 00
A. T. Haywood	2 00
Miss A. L.	2 00
Benjamin Chase	1 00
D. Kimball	1 00
T. L. Tilton	50
Joel McMillan, for Western A. S. Society	100 00
Sallie Holley	30 00
Anna D. Hallowell	100 00
Lucretia and James Mott	10 00
Edward M. Davis	50 00
Wm. I. Bowditch	50 00
A Friend (a day's wages)	2 00
John Prince	3 00
Josiah Hayward	2 00
Agnes L. Babcock	1 00
Susan H. Remond	2 00
Cecilia Babcock	1 00
Sarah H. Cowing	3 00
Jonathan Buffum	10 00
Hannah Buffum	10 00
A Friend	1 00
Maria S. Page	2 00
Mrs. C. S. Jackson	2 00
Maria A. Sawin	50
Mrs. Eliza F. Hammond, Florence, Mass.	2 00
Lydia Mott	5 00
Parker and Sarah H. Pillsbury	20 00
S. H. Southwick	3 00
Abby S. Stephenson	10 00
"That Comical Brown"	3 00
Mrs. Pauline Gerry	3 00
Mr. A. Folsom	10 00
Mrs. Elizabeth Jones	1 00
Mrs. John Sawyer	10 00
H. H. Brigham	5 00
J. H. Whitney	1 00
Miss Sarah Clay	1 00
Rev. Samuel Johnson, Salem, Mass.	10 00
Cornelius Wellington	10 00
R. W. Henshaw	10 00
Frederick A. Greene	10 00
Frederick H. Henshaw	10 00
Mrs. Benjamin Pitman	7 00
D. B. and A. B. Morey	20 00
Mrs. E. A. Morrill	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. N. White	30 00
A Friend	1 00
Friends	50
R. Barbadoes	1 00
E. Ginn	50
A Friend	1 10
G. Salters	25
C. Daby	15
A Friend	1 00
Thomas Waterman	25
A Friend	2 45
Cyrus Peters	25
Horace T. Wood	3 00
Wm. H. Clapp	3 00
E. D. and Martha Hudson	10 00
Rev. Photius Fiske	20 00
Wendell Phillips	100 00
C. K. and E. C. Whipple	6 00
Mr. and Mrs. Needham	2 00
A Friend	2 00
J. E. Bruce	5 00
Cash	75
John Mitchell	5 00
Benjamin Gass	1 00
Mary L. Richmond	1 00
Caroline Wellington	3 00
Eliza Wellington	3 00
Mehitable Haskell	2 00
A. M. Powell	1 00
Miss Nichols	50
Henry D. Cushing	5 00
John Wetherbee, Jr.	5 00
Charles W. Slack	5 00
Maud R. A. Goddard	5 00
A Friend	5 00
O. G. Chéever	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Greene	3 00
Edward L. Pierce	3 00
Mr. and Mrs. Galen Coffin	3 00
Robert R. Crosby	2 00
Lydia Brown	2 00
M. B. Lucas	2 00
Francis Burnham	1 00
William Carter	1 00
Cash	1 00
Lucy Burtham	1 00
Lewis McLaughlin	1 00
Mary A. Hale	1 00
Miss Morton	1 00
Fanny Morton	1 00
Mrs. E. G. Dudley	1 50
A Friend	10 00
Amos Cummings	3 00
Caroline C. Thayer	2 00
Eliza M. Thayer	3 00
Horace S. Shephard	5 00
Mrs. Gwinn	1 00
Samuel D. Morse	1 00
Ephraim Bulen	1 00
Sarah C. Bulen	1 00
William W. Pierson	5 00
J. K. Ballou	4 00
Mary C. Shannon	1 00
Maria A. Sylvester	5 00
R. Bradford	2 00
J. P. Curtis	1 00
Maria Goodell	1 00
Caroline Putnam	1 00
A Friend	2 00
Lydia L. Walker	2 00
Elizabeth Wilder	1 00
Frances H. Drake	50 00
J. B. Smith	5 00
A Friend	10 00
Lucy Johnson	10 00
Susan B. Anthony	100 00
B. F. Schieffiin, New York	10 00
Elizabeth Gay	15 00
Lydia D. Parker	75 00
A Friend, E. D. N.	100 00
Margaret P. and Benj. Snow, Jr.	10 00
The Misses Ireson	25 00
Mrs. C. R. Putnam	25 00
Mrs. Abby K. Foster	3 00
Henry O. Stone	2 00
Mary B. Stone	50
Isabella Stone	5 00
Henry M. Lacy	1 00
Cyrus H. Love	5 00
Mary Payson	20 00
Abby H. Smith	5 00
Slocum Howland	5 00
Emily Howland	1 00
Rev. L. Holmes	5 00
Rebecca N. Buffum	5 00
James Jackson	10 00
Mrs. E. H. Church	10 00
Thomas Brown	2 00
David Scott	4 00
Mr. Jonathan Whatson	2 00
Amory Post	20 00
M. M. Brooks	25 00
L. Wetmore	20 00
Markie Smith	5 00
Amon Parmenter	30 00
Mrs. Ann King and Rev. R. T. Robinson	50 00
A Republican, State st.	20 00
Mrs. James A. Burr	3 00
Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Lord	5 00
Mrs. M. K. Hubbard	2 00
Caroline E. Wade, Springfield	20 00
Ruth Buffum, Lynn	5 00
Anna Alley,	

Any errors which may have occurred in the above, will be corrected if forwarded to us.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, February 26, 1866.

WRITING from this city, I should naturally, under ordinary circumstances, write of it and its concerns. But the events now passing on the national stage, and the parts lately enacted thereon by President Johnson and Secretary Seward so far eclipse all local matters, that I will make no apology for occupying my letter with them.

A lady who heard with me the reading of Mr. Seward's speech, and who noted, as I did, the strong assurances he repeatedly gave to his audience that all was going well with the nation, said that the impression made upon her by the speech was that Mr. Seward considered the state of public affairs, as most serious and critical. It reminded her, she said, of the custom of an eminent physician (formerly known to us both) to give the strongest assurances to his patient, not only of ultimate recovery, but of the very promising aspect of the present state of his disease, and this equally in all conditions of the body, while breath remained in it.

When Mr. Seward, at the outbreak of the rebellion, assured the European powers that it would be over in ninety days, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that he thought so, or that they thought that he thought so, or that he supposed them to think that he thought so. Who was it that defined an ambassador as "one sent to *lie* abroad for the credit of his own country?" Mr. Seward has had the practice which mak

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, February 25th, 1866.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR: What a week of strange events, rapid changes startling forebodings! The end we know not, nor what results will follow; but that an ominous spirit broods over the country, and that the cause of freedom is temporarily checked, is certain. But 'tis only *checked*, and though 'tis by the hand of *power*, we still know that the onward sweep is certain. The hand of death itself could not have cast a more saddening spell upon the Nation than did the announcement in the Senate of the *veto* of "The Freedmen's Bureau Bill" by the President, and the reading of his message accompanying it—a message fraught with more cunning, subtlety, sophistry and love of power than any which has ever emanated from the Executive Chamber.

Of the merits, or rather the *de*-merits, of that message the writer has nothing to say; abler pens and tongues all over the land and in the halls of Congress hold and will hold this flimsy political fabric up to the contempt which it so wholly deserves. Nor of the usurping and arbitrary spirit which prompted so audacious an act as the rebuking of Congress by the President upon matters over which that body has the *exclusive* control, and the Executive *none*. But the cry of indignation and sorrow which went forth from the oppressed "freedmen" of the South—from the friends of humanity all over the world—was intensified by the action of the *minority* in Congress who sustained the veto. The writer joined the immense concourse of people who sought admittance to the galleries of the Senate on Thursday. Every seat was occupied long before the hour for discussion of the veto and reconsideration of the bill arrived. Thousands pressed around the doors unable even to gain a sight of the interior of the chamber; never before, except upon the occasion of the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, was that hall so crowded Never was there an occasion of deeper interest. Hundreds of the friends and defenders of the bill and of freedom were there. Near the Diplomatic gallery and in that portion assigned the colored people, I saw that veteran of Anti-Slavery, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and several members of his interesting family, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, Giles Stebbins and his amiable wife, and many more well known to fame. Of the vast crowd doubtless hundreds were the defenders of the President and his policy, and came there to rejoice with Secessia in the triumph they had won! Garrett Davis wearied us with a lengthy defence of the President's veto and opposition to the "Radical" members of Congress.

The bill was then ably sustained by Senator Trumbull, who discussed at length its objects, and defended Congress against the usurpation of the President in his message. The speaker then announced "that the question before the Senate was, whether this bill should pass, the President's veto to the contrary notwithstanding." There was breathless silence while the ayes and nays were called. The clear voice of Sumner rang like the bugle call of Freedom—"Aye," and others followed, the six Republican recreants—Cowan, Dixon, Doolittle, Morgan, Norton and Stuart—responding in tone as feeble as will be their influence hereafter. The result is already known—we lost the necessary two-thirds, and it stood 30 to 18; two more votes would have won the victory. Applause was heard from that part of the gallery where the Democrats and Copperheads most do congregate, but it was drowned in the indignant hisses of the colored and white *masses* who left with saddened hearts. I watched Garrison closely. Did he chant his hymn of "Liberty victorious" as loudly as before? Alas, no!

But what fate awaits those recreant and false-hearted Republicans who joined the side of tyranny and oppression in that veto? Let the voices of their constituents answer, and the ignominy and shame which surely await them be their just punishment.

Though this action of the President distinctly announced his policy—long since known to far-seeing minds—and though the dividing lines were closely drawn, and we understood that this act was but the *avant-courier* of a succession of *vetoes* of *every* loyal and humane measure passed by the brave majorities in Congress, and though we comprehend the issue at once, and know that henceforth Andrew Johnson was *pledged* to oppression, and had usurped the powers of Congress and insulted that body by his action; and though we knew that in recent speeches, he had made implied threats against that body, if it dared to oppose his policy of Reconstruction—we still did not believe that he would have the effrontery or boldness to *openly* affiliate with traitors and join hands with those who have abused and vilified him in the past, and now fawn and flatter because of his concessions to oppression and treason. But tyrants *dare to do anything* when emboldened by temporary success and praised by a fawning crowd. The scenes in which he participated on *Thursday*, the Anniversary of the Birthday of Washington, were enough to call down the thunder bolts of Heaven in indignation and revenge. While the *loyal* masses were honoring the memory of that patriot, statesman and noble defender of Freedom—the late Henry Winter Davis—by listening to the oration of Hon. J. A. J. Cresswell, in the House of Representatives, the *abettors of treason* and sympathizers with the President were making infamous resolutions and speeches in Grover's Theatre in honor of Andrew Johnson, and later in the day adjourned to the front of the "White House," where the President addressed them in the most shameful and disgraceful language ever emanating from the lips of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. That *stump speeches* should be made by a President of the United States, is bad enough; but when he descends to vulgar slang, and makes open threats against *loyal and honorable statesmen*, comparing them to the fiendish leaders of treason, our feelings go beyond contempt or scorn, to absolute loathing for the *worm* who has dared to *threaten* our brave and loyal Congress, and other noble champions of liberty and truth, for doing their duty.

Beware, Andrew Johnson, how you tamper with the spirit of a *true republican* Congress, supported by a constituency of loyal, brave, and freedom-loving people. Beware, for not the usurpation of power nor threats of military violence can ever change them from their unalterable determination that traitors shall take no part in the legislation of this country, and the Southern States shall never be represented in the Halls of Congress until they give to *all* their citizens full an equal rights, and to the nation itself indemnity for the past and security for the future.

But this is not the end. The drama has now begun. The plot is fully revealed, and this but the beginning of the scheme which will attempt, by military authority and proclamation, to declare the Southern States in the Union and entitled to full rights and privileges in Congress, and will pronounce the Radical wing of both Houses *insurrectionary* and *revolutionary*, and thus drive them from the places they now fill with so much honor to themselves and their country. Then will the war begin, as Mr. Johnson has predicted, a "war of races," inaugurated by his own hand, and one in which freedom and justice will surely triumph, driving this apostate "Moses" of the colored race, who has proved their "Pharaoh," into the Red Sea of his own infamy, while the hand of heaven parts the waves for the oppressed and downtrodden to pass through. Then we shall find the saviours of our country and its cherished liberties in the heretofore enslaved millions of the South; and then will they join hands with their noble defenders and strike the death blow to treason and slavery forever. VIATOR.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20, 1866.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR: It has rather been a habit with me to leave great occasions to great people to comment upon, and to consider myself quite unequal to the effort required; so, when President Johnson made his magnificent (I speak the word advisedly) display of his plantation, "poor white trash" education at the reception of the colored delegation, I acted as usual, and kept silent, awed by the "magnitude of the situation."

"Whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad," and it only remains to be seen how rapid the grade will be by which this magnate of the American nation will slide himself down the steeps of popular feeling among those who gave him his present exalted position.

Washington is swarming just now with Southerners—especially Southern ladies. For the South long since learned a lesson which our boasting North seems slow to comprehend, that woman can and does play a strong hand, if given a place in the game of politics. Who does not remember how, in years gone, these Southern women ruled Washington society? I never was in Washington until this Winter; but I well remember the talks of Senators and Congressmen ten, fifteen twenty years ago, how Cora Montgomery, (Madame Curniou) could carry any measure in Congress that she could be prevailed on to attempt. There were others prominent in this work "of winding Senators and Congressmen round their fingers," as it was expressed, whose names were familiar with daily presses of that day. Carrying the immense wealth of slave labor in their hands, and making their homes, houses, parties, soirées, receptions, hops and balls the most elegant and recherché of the Capital, they drew within the vortex of their influence the more timid, less wealthy and far less self-reliant wives and daughters of Northern members, and thus created a home influence that all went over to the side of slavery. The hard-working Northern woman, with her plain, unpretentious dress, was taken captive by the floating goddesses in gauze and lace, with soft hands sparkling with diamonds, when the latter chose to be gracious, and with her soft words and delicate attention given for a purpose, approached her. And it would not be going beyond the record to say, that the "mud-sill" himself felt a "giving way" sensation about the region of the back bone, when he answered the low, graceful bend, and soft sweet cozening smile of some insinuating Mrs. Legree, who wore the value of the groans and toil of a hundred slaves on her own person, and he was on her side before he knew it.

Let the North be warned in time. The same influence is beginning to usurp the power again. Already it is whispered, "how much these Southern ladies add to the brilliancy of our evening circles," and "how very polite and refined these Southern ladies are!" If we would not see Washington society go under the same control, have the North and Northern intelligence flouted in all fashionable places, and see these wives and daughters of traitors, with their hands yet reeking with the blood of our loved ones, gathering up their garments and passing Northern women with scorn and hiss, let the North concentrate a society of intelligence and intellectual strength here at the Capital, that will be able thoroughly to counteract that influence.

It is only *less* dangerous to-day to the best interests of the nation, that Washington is South of the Potomac than it was five years ago.

A Southern lady was heard threatening one of the highest officers of the Government a day or two since, that if the rights and privileges of the States were much longer denied, there would be trouble; insinuating that the ostracised rebels would not bear it.

At Speaker Colfax's reception the other night, another of these unblushing impertinences refused to walk under the flag of the Union, with which the archway between his parlors was draped. Whereupon the ladies heroically placed another before the next evening over the *entrance* door.

These are little matters, but straws show which way the wind blows; and alas! there are too many of our Northern people only straws, to be blown hither and thither by every whiffling wind.

Moseby, the famous guerilla, takes his seat in the galleries and listens complacently (so it is asserted) to the speeches of our members; and rebel Generals and officers of all grades come to Washington and feel that they have perfect freedom to walk its muddy streets. Dr. Sunderland is likely to lose his pulpit because of his sympathy with and cordial endorsement of Frederic Douglass. It is rumored that not a church in the city could now be had for any like effort. A mighty struggle is going on privately, which can be seen and felt like the muttering of a coming storm. Men who expect to stand at the front and take the shock, seem to be waiting with closed lips and compressed brows. The flippant and shallow set all manner of rumors afloat. We can only wait and see.

Now is the time for the North to be heard in thunder tones. Every man and every woman must stand in his or her place, letting it be known upon which side in this great conflict their weight will fall.

Old men say with shaking heads, "we have seen no darker days than these since Sumter fell." The North is self-confident; the best friends of the slaves have, all unwittingly, led the people to believe the worst was over; and consequently they have turned aside, the one to his mill and another to his merchandise, supposing this great moral struggle would be ended aright.

It will be; for God reigns and truth and right must conquer. But oh! what Red Seas of agony have the emancipated slaves yet to pass ere their manhood is recognized, if this hour is let go by without its consummation.

Loyal men from Alabama and Mississippi now in the city, declare that hundreds of the freedmen of those States bordering the Gulf are being shipped to Cuba and sold. Cruelties untold are being perpetrated, and yet there is no authority to stay this awful sacrifice of human life, which has no sacredness if the skin is black.

No one is more ready than I to admit the mighty work that has been done. But shall we call the bridge of a thousand spans completed, even if nine hundred and ninety-nine be finished, if one and the last stand open, a gaping chasm that permits the million to fall through? Let us watch and pray until the whole is finished and the cry of joy comes to us from the other shore. F. D. GAGE.

THE DAY OF HUMILIATION.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR: Thursday, February 22d, 1866, will be henceforth a most memorable day in our history, the saddest and most humiliating of all thus far in its calendar. We have had in high official place from the beginning, servility and baseness enough—indeed where have they failed?—but never since our people were a nation has the Executive head made exhibition of himself nearly so disgraceful and shameful as did Andrew Johnson on that day. Standing up in presence of the nation, he uncovered his nakedness, blurted his idiocy and published his treason and his shame. Charity would fain think of him that he must have been beyond consciousness in potations from the cup. The like has never been seen before in our annals.

He held up as *traitors* the fast friends of justice and humanity as paralleled only in their guilt and restless malignity by the bloody wretches in the South who raised the revolt memorable through all history for its gratuity and cruelty! *He* prefer before the heated, drunken rabble that assembled to give him its ovation, his apprehension of assassination upon himself at the inspiration of those he proceeded to name—"brooding assassination in their bosoms," and intimating broadly enough that they were the ones guilty of having effected the taking off of Lincoln! *He* to designate expressly Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips as "of that stripe," and incite in presence of the mob, to the full extent of his power, violence upon them! Alas, my country! have we come to this? Does this representative represent you?

Well, the great Republican party have in Andy Johnson what they bargained for, what, (may we not say it?) they deserve. These things have not been done in a corner, the man has not belied his antecedents. He is no other than he gave them reason to expect. Too prudent and provident against danger, so they assured us, to venture the hazardous experiment of "swapping horses while crossing a stream," they renominated and continued in power their old President, who had times enough shown himself not the man for the crisis, not adapted to act the pilot for our bark in this fearful night of storms. But there was one other associated with Abraham Lincoln, holding the next highest place in the Government, not a man of Southern birth and prejudices, possibly enough when occasion might call an individual, having character and convictions; Hannibal Hamlin was his name. Him they "swapped," taking Andy Johnson, from Tennessee, a man of the South and of the slaveholding class of the South, that so the dear South might see that they regarded, and desired to conciliate her. Powerless were they for good, but active and mischievous enough upon opportunity for evil. Andrew Johnson to-day holds the mirror up to nature, shows the nation itself. Verily I say unto you they have their reward.

Trying times are undoubtedly at the door. The issue will be made up anew, may we not hope more broad, unequivocal, distinct? The lines will be drawn afresh. The Republican party is sundered and broken. A part holding with Johnson in his infidelity and treason will readily enough affiliate with the profligate, "disloyal" element of the North and the "rebel" and "semi-rebel" element in the South. Persecution may break forth anew, bringing proscriptions, outlawry, martyrdom, such as we have not seen before. We know not. But let the friends of humanity stand firm, planting first of all most solicitously their feet on broad, impartial justice; and let the sober-minded, the well-disposed, those friendly to mankind and human progress stand with them 'in serried rank.' Vacillation, half-measures, compromise will not serve, they will not at all shield or save anybody. The great battle is to come, and the end is not yet.

Oh, is there not virtue or self-respect enough in Congress to take this poor creature who, in sight of all Israel and the sun, flaunts his shame, and impeach him from the place he has so disgraced? M.

Syracuse, Feb. 26, 1866.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

[WE are truly grateful to our Philadelphia correspondent for his favors, though the first, coming in our absence, has gone by in these eventful times. The "Civil Social and Statistical Association" of Philadelphia is giving the present Winter, as the last, a course of lectures, and we are glad to hear with excellent success. The lectures are given in Concert Hall, next to the Academy of Music, the finest in the city. The first lecture was by Frederick Douglass, on the "Assassination and its Lessons," to an audience that crowded the Hall in all its parts, and greeted and approved him with repeated cheers. The second lecture was by Mr. Garrison, as described in the letter below. We hope our esteemed correspondent will favor us with his reports to the end of the course.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 18, 1866.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR: The second lecture of the course given by the "Social, Civil and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania," was delivered on Thursday evening of last week by Wm. Lloyd Garrison. His subject was "Liberty Triumphant." A large audience was in attendance, though not equal in number to that which crowded the hall to listen to Frederick Douglass. The speaker was introduced by Professor Cleveland, who spoke of him as the great champion of freedom and human rights, whose fame is universal, and will continue to grow brighter and brighter as time rolls on.

After some general remarks of an introductory character, Mr. Garrison said that there were two things that gave him pain and excited his surprize. One was a manifest lack of the joyful recognition of the wonders God had wrought in the last five years, resulting in the overthrow of slavery. The other was to deny that any considerable progress had been made, to look wholly on the dark side of affairs, and no longer to present the old serene front as when fiercely beleagured by the enemy. And all this because millions of a race who but yesterday were registered with cattle and swine, were not transferred at once from the auction-block to the ballot-box. Indeed, the logic seemed to be that, because everything had not been gained, nothing had, a position which he indicated was unworthy of approval. He counselled patience, saying that the germs of mighty thought must have their silent undergrowth, and illustrated his teaching by citing the text—"first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

He deprecated talking or acting as though nothing were safe or certain, as though there was a likelihood of a recoil that would bring back chaos and night. The real question was, whether at any time even an inch of ground had been lost—whether there was not a steady advancement with constantly augmenting force day by day, toward a completely triumphant issue.

With surprise he regarded the words, from the lips of any Abolitionist, "*The South Victorious.*" Opposition to this chosen phrase for elucidating our political peril, and discoursing upon the fatal tendency and wrongfulness of the President's established policy, formed the chief characteristic of Mr. Garrison's lecture. That opposition may be wholly sincere, and its public expression may be dictated by the clearest conviction of duty; while the right to expose the falsity of that which is deemed erroneous, none can justly dispute.

* * * * * * * * * *

If the South be victorious, said the speaker, then a delusion has swept over the North, and over the civilized world. Then the promises of God are forever unreliable; right has no chance with wrong, and *liberty*, not slavery, has been abolished.

After denouncing what he termed the astounding doctrine, and speaking of the past days when liberty repeatedly yielded in its contests with slavery, the lecturer proceeded to show how numerous were the instances wherein the former had latterly triumphed, mentioning one after another the many events in the direction of progress, the solid advantages that had been gained, the laws that had been passed, the barriers erected by slavery that had been removed, the old customs and prejudices that had vanished, and the general improvement in the tone of society at large, as indicated by the prevalence of liberal ideas, and a more genuine recognition of truly republican principles. Various extracts from Southern newspapers, printed about the commencement of the war, were read, intended to show the wide difference between the existing state of affairs, and that pictured and promised in those bombastic utterances.

In speaking of the Constitutional Amendment Mr. Garrison said, let Abolitionists be satisfied, seeing the noblest aspiration of their souls realized. He spoke with disapprobation of continuing the existence of the Anti-Slavery Society after its work had been finished, referring in terms not complimentary to those who insisted on the vital importance thereof. He declared himself the sympathizing friend of the freedmen, who he trusted would yet be raised to the full measure of citizenship.

His course in discontinuing the publication of the *Liberator* was explained, which he deemed he had a right to do without any one's permission, regarding it among the instrumentalities no longer needed. Whatever remains of the old spirit of slaveholding in the South, is to be grappled with, not by a few proclaiming Abolitionism, but by the loyal masses everywhere.

In speaking of President Johnson and his policy he remarked that we must remember his important services in Tennessee in the cause of freedom, and what he suffered personally. His station was a trying one, requiring great circumspection. He did not find it necessary to impeach his motives, or deny his integrity. That he will venture to array himself against Congress and the popular will he did not believe. In such event he hoped Congress would prevail, and counteract any wrong action of his. He would have that body obliterate all that has been done in the matter of reconstruction, and begin the work anew.

Thus, remarkable as it may seem, Mr. Garrison can discover nothing to condemn in the President, whilst Mr. Douglass feared to trust himself to speak of him, declaring that he had better never have been born, and that it were better a mill-stone were hanged about his neck. You and your readers can judge of the merits of these discordant positions, and more clearly time, in its unfolding of events, will either vindicate the confidence shown in one case, or justify the harshness manifested in the other. O.

CORRECTION.—*To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard.*—SIR: Your report of Mr. Phillips's lecture in Brooklyn, copied from the N. Y. *World*, last week, introduces the Brooklyn Fraternity to the readers of THE STANDARD as a Republican association. Allow me to say that the Fraternity is a lecture association, independent in character, without connection with any political party. The statement served a political purpose with the *World*, but gives an impression to the readers of THE STANDARD which I prefer to correct.

Very truly yours, A. M. POWELL.

Brooklyn, Feb. 27, 1866.

SLAVE TRADE IN CUBA.—The Washington *Chronicle* of Wednesday last says: "We learn that the attention of Mr. Tassara, Minister from Spain, has been arrested by statements in the press and in Congressional debates that freedmen are captured and conveyed to Cuba, and there sold as slaves.

"Mr. Tassara gives the regulations of the Island of Cuba concerning colored persons (hereto annexed), and affirms that they have, in all instances, been carried into effect. No complaint has been made to the State Department of any sale or seduction of colored persons from the United States into slavery; and in the only instance brought to the knowledge of this government wherein such persons have been brought or introduced there by Americans, they have been promptly delivered up and sent back to their homes.

(Translation.)

Instructions regulating the formalities in respect of the arrival, movements and departure of people of color coming from abroad to this island, and published on the 1st of April, 1849:

Article 21. The individual of color, free or slave, who may arrive, coming from a foreign country, shall be immediately placed in safe keeping, and with precautions that may be suitable, until he is taken abroad again. If the house to whom he is consigned give security for the payment of one thousand dollars, in the case of his leaving the vessel, he may live on board; but that security shall not be cancelled until the re-importation is verified by the report of the captain of the port.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate on Monday Mr. Grimes (Rep.) of Iowa presented the memorial of citizens of Iowa, asking for such an amendment to the Constitution as will recognize the existence of God and the divinity of Christ.

Mr. Lane (Rep.) of Kansas moved to take from the files of the Senate the papers in the cases of Messrs. Snow and Baxter, Senators from Arkansas, and refer them to the Judiciary Committee. After some remarks from Mr. Lane, asserting the loyalty of the Arkansas State government, he concluded by alleging that unless Congress immediately admits the loyal representatives of the Southern States it will make a great mistake. He said he would oppose every motion looking to the postponement of the reception of loyal Senators from these States.

Mr. Clark (Rep.) of N. H. called for a division of Mr. Lane's motion.

Mr. Trumbull (Rep.) of Ill. said he understood the credentials referred to were presented at the last session. He could see no objection to their withdrawal.

The motion to permit Messrs. Baxter and Snow to withdraw their credentials from the files of the Senate was agreed to, and the question then came up on their reference to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Lane of Kansas said that there was some change in the formation of the Judiciary Committee since the last Congress. He called for the yeas and nays on the motion to lay the credentials on the table, with the following result: yeas, 29; nays, 17.

Mr. Lane moved that Messrs. Snow and Baxter be allowed to take seats on the floor as had recently been done in the case of the Senators elect from Colorado.

Mr. Wade moved to lay Mr. Lane's motion on the table.

Mr. Lane called for the yeas and nays.

Yeas, 27; nays, 18. So the motion was laid upon the table.

The concurrent resolution passed by the House on the 21st was then taken up, and Mr. Sherman addressed the Senate at great length in opposition to the resolution, and in defence of the late action of the President. Mr. Sherman deprecated a division in the Union party, and denied the existence of any sufficient cause for a withdrawal of confidence in the President. Mr. Trumbull, in the course of some remarks, said he had not met a member of either House who was not anxious to see the seceded States readmitted as soon as consistent with the safety of the country.

The Senate next proceeded to consider the bill authorizing telegraphic communication between New York and the West Indies. Mr. Chandler supported the bill; Messrs. Grimes, Fessenden, Conness and Clark opposed it. The bill was finally recommitted.

HOUSE.—In the House Mr. Beaman introduced a bill for the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau. Mr. Trowbridge offered a resolution inquiring into the quality of the artificial legs furnished to soldiers. Mr. McClurg offered a resolution of inquiry in regard to the condition of the seceded States and the expediency of levying contributions on the disloyal inhabitants for the maintenance of a standing army in those States. The resolution was referred.

On motion of Mr. Harding of Illinois the Committee on Pensions was instructed to inquire into the expediency of making a donation to A. Zegler, of Port Byron, Ill., for sending seven sons to the army. Mr. Bingman, from the Committee on Reconstruction, offered a joint resolution to amend the Constitution, by adding an article, securing to citizens of each State all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States, and to all persons in the several States equal protection in the rights of life, liberty and property. Mr. Bingham supported the measure in a brief speech. Mr. Rogers of N. J. spoke of it, as embodying a principle of centralization dangerous to the rights of the several States, and denounced the Committee on Reconstruction as a Jacobin Committee and a disgrace to the country, as tyrannical as Nero, more tyrannical than Charles the First. He said he had hoped from what had transpired within the last few days that the time had come when the Constitution was to be secured from invasion. When he had read the words of the President of the United States in commemoration of that immortal instrument, he had believed that no more amendments to it would be proposed by Congress. He had believed that the agitation, which had been kept up here against that instrument until (as the President said) there would be no more respect entertained for it than for the resolution of a town meeting, was about to cease.

The framers of the Constitution had never intended to give to Congress this power to enter into a State and govern and direct its legislation in regard to the rights and privileges of citizens.

Mr. Kelley (Penn.) desired to ask the gentleman, in connection with his allusion to the President, whether he was not the same Andrew Johnson who, when a representative, submitted *no less than nine amendments to the "sacred instrument"* in one session?

Mr. Rogers—That may all be so. I am not here as an advocate of Andrew Johnson, but as the advocate of the great doctrines of constitutional liberty which he lays down. What was the use, he asked, of this amendment, in view of the bill to protect all persons in the United States in their civil rights, which had passed the Senate by the almost entire vote of the Republican party, if that bill be constitutional?

If this amendment was adopted and ratified, Congress could enact under it a law establishing miscegenation in South Carolina, compelling the people of that State to be degraded by marriage with persons of negro blood. The right of marriage certainly came under the general meaning of privileges and immunities, and a black man could, under the proposed measure, go into a State and claim the privilege of marrying a white woman under the proposed amendment. An act of Congress might be passed, compelling the State of South Carolina to allow negroes to marry white women. He quoted from the *Federalist* to prove that the powers reserved to the several States extended to all the matters which concern the lives, liberties, and property of the people, and the internal order, improvement, and prosperity of the State. This amendment proposed to take away those rights of the States, and compel, by act of Congress, the abrogation of all the statutes of the States which make a discrimination between crimes committed by black men and those committed by white men, instancing the State of Kentucky, where the crime of rape committed by a black man is punished with death, and in the case of a white man with imprisonment. He also referred to the laws in several of the free States, making distinctions between schools for white and schools for colored children, which would also be abrogated under the proposed amendment. He spoke of Mr. Seward as the hero of liberty, whom he was pleased to see standing up recently in the City of New York defending those principles without which popular rights were a mere myth.

He denounced the Committee on Reconstruction as the "committee of despotism"—a Jacobin committee, and a body that is a disgrace to the country. The liberties of France were never more invaded by Napoleon than the liberties of this country were now invaded by that committee.

At this stage of his remarks Mr. Rogers, carried away by the heat of declamation, had turned his back to the Speaker, when Mr. Washburn (of Indiana) made the point of order that the gentleman should address the Chair and not the galleries.

Mr. Rogers apologized for the unintentional discourtesy.

Mr. Kelley proposed, to give the gentleman time to recover his exhausted energies, to occupy a moment to show that we are not oppressed or likely to be oppressed by any of the dangers to which the French people were subjected under Bonaparte or any revolutionist.

Mr. Rogers yielded to the gentleman.

Mr. Kelley read from Thier's History a page, illustrating the manner of Bonaparte after his return from Egypt, describing him as quiet, reticent, thoughtful, listening and observing, not opening his mouth to any one, which was all deep policy.

After the reading of the extract he remarked, "Our Bonaparte does not wait."

Mr. Rogers.—Mr. Speaker, we have no Bonaparte. We have a pious man. We have a man who has come up from the humblest walks of life. We have a man who believes that the government was made for the benefit of the white men and the white women of the country, and not at all for the benefit of negroes or negro wenches.

[Here there was some applause in the galleries, which was promptly suppressed by the Speaker.]

Mr. Rodgers, resuming his denunciation of the Reconstruction Committee, declared that a more fatal and bloody tyranny did not insult humanity when Louis XIV. proclaimed, "I am the State." Nero harbored no deeper feeling against the Roman people than this committeee did against the rights and liberties of the American people. When Charles I. led his soldiers into the British Parliament and arrested five of its members for their out-spoken sentiments of liberty, he did not begin to defy the principles of constitutional freedom so openly as they were defied by this Jacobin committee.

Mr. Randall (Dem., Pa.) inquired whether the gentleman was at liberty to communcate to the House the character of the tyranny of that committee, and what the dangers were with which it threatened the country.

Mr. Rogers replied that he was not privileged to speak of anything except what had taken place publicly in the House, but if the gentleman would look at the constitutional amendments proposed by that committee, he would see that they were the embodiment of tyranny. And what were they all designed for? They were designed for the purpose of keeping eleven States out of the Union; for the purpose of blotting out eleven of the glorious stars from the banner of the country. He referred the gentleman from Pennsylvania to the constitutional amendment prohibiting a State from paying its own debt. There was as much right to prevent New Jersey paying hers; to the constitutional amendment, declaring that no State shall retain or pass laws making any distinction of race or color, and the constitutional amendment stripping the people of the Southern States of millions of dollars worth of property invested under the Constitution of the United States, he hoped that no Southern State would ever subscribe to such conditions. Before, he said, I would see the liberties of these people trampled down by fanaticism, I am willing, with the people of the country, to take the sword and cannon to defend those liberties against any body of men who intend to destroy the unity of this great nation.

Mr. Randall of Pennsylvania again inquired why the gentleman was not at liberty to answer his former question, and whether any additional measure of secrecy had been imposed on him by the committee.

Mr. Rogers replied that enough had been done to show the feelings and objects of the committee. The gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Stevens) occupied, in his opinion, the only other logical ground in the whole controversy—the one exactly in opposition to that occupied by himself (Rogers). There was no middle ground tenable.

Mr. Kelley inquired what debt the States were prevented from paying.

Mr. Rogers—It is proposed to-day to prohibit the payment of the rebel debt. Such a measure is the very emblem and quintessence of despotism and tyranny.

Mr. Kelley—I beg leave to ask whether New Jersey contracted any debt in support of the late Confederacy.

Mr. Rogers—I suppose the gentleman does not want to insult me.

Mr. Kelley—I only ask the question because the gentleman insists that we have no right to prevent New Jersey from paying her debts.

Mr. Rogers—I used that as an argument to show that New Jersey stood in the same position as South Carolina. (A laugh.) New York stands where South Carolina stands; Pennsylvania stands where South Carolina stands; and I say that South Carolina has as much right to come into the halls of Congress in the persons of her Senators and Representatives as Pennsylvania has.

Mr. Kelley—I am satisfied. (A laugh.)

Mr. Rogers then went on to argue on the constitutionality of the test-oath.

Mr. McKee (Union, Ky.) inquired whether the gentleman from New Jersey was in favor of nullifying a law of Congress before the constitutionality of that law had been passed upon by the proper tribunal.

Mr. Rogers—No, sir, I am not for nullifying a law of Congress; but I have a right to stand here and protest against a law which I believe to be unconstitutional.

Mr. McKee—How could you have representatives from South Carolina before the test-oath is decided to be unconstitutional?

Mr. Rogers—The way to get them into the House is to repeal that law; to recognize in the spirit of Christianity the people of the South as our brethren; to remember that their fathers and ours fought side by side on the fields of the revolution. Repeal this obnoxious and unjust law, and let every one of the States of the Union be represented here.

Mr. Schenck (Union, Ohio)—Are you opposed to every alteration of the Constitution, on the ground that it has a tendency to change that instrument? (Laughter.)

Mr. Rogers—That is one of the grounds. (Laughter.) Another ground is that it is dangerous to interfere with the landmarks that our fathers have set; another ground is that all these amendments have a tendency to keep eleven States out of the Union, and prevent the consummation of the great object for which our soldiers offered their lives.

Mr. Rogers spoke for an hour and a half, his time having been extended. Soon after, the House adjourned.

AN OFFICER TO BE TRUSTED.

[Gen. Swayne, of the Freedmen's Bureau in Alabama, comprehends his position and powers. Officers like him, Gen. Saxton and a few others, hardly needed any change in the Freedmen's Bureau law. Under it as it is, they have shown that where the disposition exists on the part of the officers, the condition of the freed-people, young, old, helpless, diseased, ignorant, immoral—all may be reached and ameliorated. But without the spirit of kindness and philanthropy, no law, however liberal, will avail. Below is one section of an order.]

GEN. SWAYNE, of the Freedmen's Bureau in Alabama, took a local militia-man, entitled "Capt. C. J. Lewis, Com. Vol. Mil. Co., Beat No. 2, Russell Co., Ala.," to task for issuing an order to seize arms, etc., belonging to colored men, in the following manner:

"The Constitution of the United States commands that the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed; that the right of the people to be protected in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated. The talk of insurrectionary violence is nonsense. The solemn pledge of the United States to the freed people of color, that *they shall be, and remain, free*, requires that the law, by whomsoever made and administered, and including these provisions, shall be faithfully and equally applied to all men, without distinction on account of color.....Precisely such orders as your own, and every species of outrage committed under them in some counties in this State, require that troops be still kept here, and employed. Application has been made to the department-commander for a garrison for your county, and for unlawful acts of yourself and your subordinates, you will be held to a stern accountability."

FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

THE following is a brief synopsis of the bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau, which passed the Senate a few days ago by the decisive vote of 37 to 10 and was vetoed by the President.

Sec. 1. Original act to continue in force; President to establish 12 less districts, with an Assistant Commissioner for each, appointed, or, in his discretion, detailed from the army.

Sec. 2. The Commissioner to assign sub-districts, with one agent to each. Assistant Commissioners may have six clerks, agents of sub-districts two; military jurisdiction to extend over all employees of the Bureau.

Sec. 3. Secretary of War may direct such issues of provisions, clothing, fuel, etc., for refugees and freedmen, as he deems needful.

Sec. 4. President may reserve for freedmen and refugees 3,000,000 acres of unoccupied land in Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas, which the Commissioner of the Bureau shall allot in 40-acre parcels; rent thereof to be based on a valuation of land, and occupants may purchase at assessed value.

Sec. 5. Titles to Sea Islands, etc., under Sherman's order, confirmed for three years.

Sec. 6. Commissioner that purchases lands required for the support of dependent freedmen and refugees, and build asylums and schools; Congress to provide appropriations for the same, and the lands not to be sold at less than cost.

Sec. 7. Where rights of labor, of contract, of inheritance, of property, the equal benefit of laws, security of persons, etc., are denied to freedmen, the President shall extend military jurisdiction and jurisprudence for their protection.

Sec. 8. Whoever subjects any freedmen to slavery or involuntary servitude except as punishment for crime or discriminates between white and black in penalties, shall be punished by fine of $1,000 and one year's imprisonment. Officers of the Bureau to have jurisdiction of all such complaints, so long as and wherever such discrimination on account of color continues, and whatever State and United States Courts are not in full and peaceful operation.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

Collections at Meeting of Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society in Boston.

John T. Sargent	$ 5 00
J. Hayward, Salem, Mass.	1 00
J. Buffum, Lynn, "	1 00
R. R. Crosby, Boston, "	1 00
P. C. Wheeler, South Reading, Mass.	1 00
A. J. Fuller, Cambridgeport, "	50
J. Harris, 8 Dix Place, Boston, "	1 00
Lucy Stone, Newark, N. J.	1 00
Maria S. Page	2 00
L. Ford	50
C. H. Merrill	1 00
Edwin Ginn	1 00
C. Swift	1 00
Pauline Gerry	1 00
H. G. Jackson	1 00
Mrs. J. C. Nichols	5 00
H. A. Foster	5 00
Cash	1 00
John Mitchel	1 00
A. S. Jordan	1 00
N. White	1 00
A Friend	1 81
N. White	5 00
Sarah Ford	50
L. S. Putnam	1 00
Elizabeth Jones	1 00
Sundries	2 25
L. B. C.	1 00
R. H. Ober, Newbury, Ohio	5 00
D. B. Morey	1 00
J. J. Smith	1 00
F. H. Drake	1 00
W. A. Wilson	1 00
M. M. Rogers	1 00
Mrs. P. W. Folsom	1 00
Friends	2 50
J. H. Stephenson	5 00
Pledges.	
T. C. Severance, West Newton	10 00
T. B. Sanborn	5 00
J. W. Wetherbee	5 00
Sarah Clay, Lowell	2 00
Rebecca Bradford, Boston	5 00
E. J. Lucas, 13 Battery March st.	5 00
Alexander Foster, 45 Doane st.	50 00
Mary H. Hardy, $2; Lizzie L. Pierce, $2	4 00
John G. Relis	2 00

THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MARCH contains Cornelius Vanderbilt. Hon. Ezra Cornell, Prof. Mapes, Frederika Bremer, Lavater, Las Casas, Sir John Franklin, Capt. Cook, Revs. John Wesley and Jonathan Edwards; Talent and Genius; Extraordinary Prediction; Ghosts; Origin of Coal; Varieties of Sheep; Iron, its uses; Putting on a Bad Face; Tribulation Trepid, and Mr. Hopeful; The Jew; Love and Lovers, the Philosophy of Engagements. An Excellent Number, only 20 cents, or $2 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y. 43 2t

American Anti-Slavery Society.

Collections at Meeting of American Anti-Slavery Society in Boston.

C. Prince, of New London, Conn. (on old pledge, $5; new contribution, $5)	$ 10 00
Miss H. Wilson, Centreville, Mass.	1 00
Capt. C. Fitz, Gloucester, Mass.	5 00
Cash	5 00
E. B. Chase, Valley Falls	5 00
John Howe	1 00
Joseph Merrill	1 00
G. M.	5 00
Geo. W. Greene	1 00
E. B. Chase	1 00
Ruth Buffum	1 00
Abraham Folsom	2 00
J. Sawyer	2 00
Edward B. Perkins

Miscellaneous Department.

WHITTIER'S SNOW-BOUND.*

From the N. Y. Tribune.

NEXT to his sense of social justice and his love of human freedom, Mr. Whittier's favorite source of inspiration is found in the legends, domestic traits, and natural scenery of his native New-England. His attachment to the soil on which he lives is a genuine passion. The quiet pleasures of a simple home afford his heart the largest content. In his esteem, they possess too deep a reality to need the coloring of romance. His language on such themes, although vital with poetic suggestions, is of the simplest, most sincere, most cordial character. It evinces all the earnestness of Wordsworth, with all the tenderness of Cowper. The poem before us is, perhaps, his happiest production of this kind. It is founded on the recollections of a Massachusetts Winter in the freshness of his boyhood. The plain old homestead, the driving snow-storm, the cattle in the barn, the fowls on the roost, the genial circle before the cosy fireside, are all revived to the imagination in faithful pictures. In his delineation of the scene, the poet shows the accuracy of the Pre-Raphaelite school, without its stiffness and formality. The exactness of his details is vivified by the glow of his feelings. The past is brought before us in living colors. We seem to see the smoke ascending from the household hearth, to hear the grating of the steel-shod runner on the snow, and to shrink before the bitterness of the cold.

The poem opens with a brief description of the cheerless December day, on which all the signs of the sky gave "mute and ominous prophecy" of the impending storm. The fierce east wind blew over the wintry shore of the roaring ocean, whose throbs "beat with low rhythm the inland air."

> Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
> Brought in the wood from out of doors,
> Littered the stalls, and from the mows
> Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
> Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
> And sharply clashing horn on horn,
> Impatient down the stanchion rows
> The cattle shake their walnut bows;
> While, peering from his early perch,
> Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
> The cock his crested helmet bent
> And down his querulous challenge sent.
>
> Unwarmed by any sunset light
> The gray day darkened into night,
> A night made hoary with the swarm
> And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
> As zig-zag wavering to and fro
> Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
> And ere the early bed-time came
> The white drift piled the window-frame,
> And through the glass the clothes-line posts
> Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
>
> So all night long the storm roared on;
> The morning broke without a sun;
> In tiny spherule traced with lines
> Of Nature's geometric signs,
> In starry flake, and pellicle,
> All day the hoary meteor fell;
> And, when the second morning shone,
> We looked upon a world unknown,
> On nothing we could call our own.
> Around the glistening wonder bent
> The blue walls of the firmament,
> No cloud above, no earth below,—
> A universe of sky and snow!
> The old familiar sights of ours
> Took marvellous shapes: strange domes and towers
> Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
> Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
> A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
> A fenceless drift what once was road;
> The bridle-post an old man sat
> With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
> The well curb had a Chinese roof;
> And even the long sweep, high aloof,
> In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
> Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

The melody of the following lines may almost be described as "frozen music."

> All day the gusty North wind bore
> The loosening drift its breath before;
> Low circling round its southern zone,
> The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
> No bell the hush of silence broke,
> No neighboring chimney's social smoke
> Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
> A solitude made more intense
> By dreary voiced elements,
> The shrieking of the mindless wind,
> The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
> And on the glass the unmeaning beat
> Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
> Beyond the circle of our hearth
> No welcome sound of toil or mirth
> Unbound the spell, and testified
> Of human life and thought outside.
> We minded that the sharpest ear
> The buried brooklet could not hear,
> The music of whose liquid lip
> Had been to us companionship,
> And, in our lonely life, had grown
> To have an almost human tone.
> As night drew on, and, from the crest
> Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
> The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
> From sight beneath the smothering bank,
> We piled, with care, our nightly stack
> Of wood against the chimney-back,—
> The oaken log, green, huge and thick,
> And on its top the stout back-stick;
> The knotty forestick laid apart,
> And filled between with curious art
> The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
> We watched the first red blaze appear,
> Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
> On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
> Until the old, rude-furnished room
> Burst, flower-like, to rosy bloom;
> While radiant with a mimic flame
> Outside the sparkling drift became,
> And through the bare-boughed lilac tree
> Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
> The crane and pendent trammels showed,
> The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
> While childish fancy, prompt to tell
> The meaning of the miracle,
> Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,*
> *When fire outdoors burns merrily,*
> *There the witches are making tea.*"

Here is a little sketch of an interior of which no Flemish painting could surpass the exactness.

> Shut in from all the world without,
> We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
> Content to let the North wind roar
> In baffled rage at pane and door,
> While the red logs before us beat
> The frost-line back with tropic heat;
> And ever, when a louder blast
> Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
> The merrier up its roaring draught
> The great throat of the chimney laughed.
> The house-dog on his paws outspread
> Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
> The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
> A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
> And, for the Winter's fireside meet,
> Between the andirons' straddling feet,
> The mug of cider simmered slow,
> The apples sputtered in a row,
> And, close at hand, the basket stood
> With nuts from brown October's wood.

We must make room for the portrait of an inevitable character, a specimen of whom is always to be found in a rural village, and often in "the best regulated families."

> Our uncle, innocent of books,
> But rich in lore of fields and brooks,
> The ancient teachers never dumb
> Of Nature's unhoused lyceum,
> In moons and tides and weather wise,
> He read the clouds as prophecies,
> And foul or fair could well divine,
> By many an occult hint and sign,
> Holding the cunning-warded keys
> To all the woodcraft mysteries;
> Himself to Nature's heart so near
> That all her voices in his ear
> Of beast and bird had meanings clear,
> Like Apollonius of old,
> Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
> Or Hermes, who interpreted
> What the sage cranes of Nilus said;
> A simple, guileless, child-like man,
> Content to live where life began;
> Strong only on his native grounds,
> The little world of sights and sounds
> Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
> Whereof his fondly partial pride
> The common features magnified,
> As Surrey hills to mountains grew,
> In White of Selborne's loving view,—
> He told how teal and loon he shot,
> And how the eagle's eggs he got,
> The feats on pond and river done,
> The prodigies of rod and gun;
> Till, warming with the tales he told,
> Forgotten was the outside cold,
> The bitter wind unheeded blew,
> From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
> The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
> Went fishing down the river brink.
> In fields with bean or clover gay,
> The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
> Peered from the doorway of his cell;
> The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
> And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
> And from the shagbark overhead
> The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

The Yankee schoolmaster as here represented belongs to a generation long gone by, and is succeeded now-a-days by a personage of far more lofty pretensions.

> Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
> The master of the district school
> Held at the fire his favored place,
> Its warm glow lit a laughing face
> Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
> The uncertain prophecy of beard.
> He played the old and simple games
> Our modern boyhood scarcely names,
> Sang songs, and told us what befalls
> In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
> Born the wild Northern hills among,
> From whence his yeoman father wrung
> By patient toil subsistence scant,
> Not competence, and yet not want,
> He early gained the power to pay
> His cheerful, self-reliant way;
> Could doff at ease his scholar's gown,
> To peddle wares from town to town;
> Or through the long vacation's reach,
> In lonely lowland districts teach,
> Where all the droll experience found
> At stranger hearths in boarding round,
> The moonlit skater's keen delight,
> The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
> The rustic party, with its rough
> Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
> And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
> His Winter task a pastime made.
> Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
> He tuned his merry violin,
> Or played the athlete in the barn,
> Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
> Or mirth-provoking versions told
> Of classic legends, rare and old,
> Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
> Had all the commonplace of home,
> And little seemed at best the odds
> 'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;
> Where Pindus-born Araxes took
> The guise of any grist-mill brook,
> And dread Olympus at his will
> Became a huckle-berry hill.

Mr. Whittier's versification in this poem is more carefully wrought, if not of a smoother flow than in many of his previous productions. His words, too, seldom fail to be an echo of his sense. His epithets and his rhymes, for the most part, are natural and legitimate, forming an apt costume for the feeling of the moment. Such stanzas as the following, in which both thought and expression find a "lame and impotent conclusion" in the last line are of rare occurrence.

> No step is on the conscious floor!
> Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust,
> (Since He who knows our need is just,)
> That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

Any minor defects, however, will be considered venial amid the prevailing beauty and sweetness of this charming poem. It forms a gem of price among New England pastorals, and will strengthen the ties which bind the name of the author to the hearts of his countrymen.

* SNOW-BOUND. A WINTER IDYL. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. 12mo., pp. 52. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

VERMONT BRIGADE.

[The following description of this noted brigade appears in the New York *Citizen*, written by "one who did not belong to it, and who never was in Vermont." The editor says it is from the pen of a Major-General in the Army of the Potomac:]

THEY were honest farmers turned vagabonds. They were simple countrymen changed into heroes. They were quiet townsmen that had become rovers. They stole ancient horses and bony cows on the march. They pillaged moderately in other things. They swept the dairies and they stripped the orchards for miles where they travelled. They chased rabbits when they went into camp after long marches, and they yelled like wild Indians when neighboring camps were silent through fatigue. They were ill-disciplined and familiar with their officers. They swaggered in a cool, impudent way, and looked down with a patronizing Yankee coolness upon all regiments that were better drilled, and upon that part of the army generally that did not belong to the Vermont Brigade. They were strangely proud, not of themselves individually, but of the brigade collectively; for they knew perfectly well they were the best fighters in the known world. They were long of limb, and could outmarch the army. They were individually self-reliant and skilful in the use of arms, and they honestly believed that the Vermont Brigade could not be beaten by all the combined armies of the rebellion.

They were veterans in fighting qualities almost from their first skirmish. This was at Lee's Mills. They crossed a narrow dam under a fire, made the attack they were instructed to make, and came back wading deep in the water with a steadiness that surprised the army. They were an incorrigible, irregular, noisy set of rascals. They were much sworn at during their four years of service; yet they were at all times a pet brigade. There were but two things they would do—march and fight; and these they did in a manner peculiarly their own. They had a long, slow, swinging stride on the march which distanced everything that followed them. They had a quiet, attentive, earnest individual way of fighting that made them terrific in battle. Each man knew that his neighbor in the ranks was not going to run away, and he knew also that he himself intended to remain where he was. Accordingly none of the attention of the line was directed from the important duty of loading and firing, rapidly and carefully. When moving into action and while hotly engaged they made queer, quaint jokes, and enjoyed them greatly. They crowed like cocks, they ba-a-ed like sheep, they neighed like horses, they bellowed like bulls, they barked like dogs, and they counterfeited with excellent effect the indescribable music of the mule. When, perchance, they held a picket line in a forest, it seemed as if Noah's Ark had gone to pieces there.

In every engagement in which this brigade took part, it was complimented for gallant conduct. One of the most remarkable of its performances, however, has never appeared in print, nor has it been noticed in the reports. After the battle of Gettysburg, when Lee's army was in the vicinity of Hagerstown and the Antietam, the Vermont Brigade was deployed as a skirmishing line covering a point of nearly three miles. The enemy were in force in front near Beaver Creek. The Sixth corps was held in readiness in rear of the skirmish line, anticipating a general engagement. The enemy had evidently determined to attack. At last his line of battle came forward. The batteries opened at once and the skirmishers delivered their fire. Our troops were on the alert and stood watching for the skirmishers to come in and waiting to receive the coming assault. But the skirmishers would not come in, and when the firing died away it appeared that the Vermonters thus deployed as a skirmish line had actually repulsed a full line-of-battle attack. Twice afterwards the enemy advanced to carry the position and were each time again driven back by this perverse skirmish line. The Vermonters, it is true, were strongly posted in a wood, and each man fired from behind a tree. But then everybody knows that the etiquette in such matters is for a skirmish line to come in so soon as they are satisfied that the enemy means business. These simple-minded patriots from the Green Mountains, however, adopted a rule of their own on this occasion; and the enemy, disgusted with such stupidity, retired across the Beaver Creek.

When the Vermonters led the column on a march, their quick movements had to be regulated from corps or division headquarters, to avoid gaps in the column as it followed them. If a rapid or forced march were required, it was a common thing for Sedgwick to say with a quiet smile—"Put the Vermonters at the head of the column to-day and keep everything well closed up."

After the riots in New York, when it was found necessary to send troops to the city to prevent a recurrence of the outbreak, the Vermont Brigade was specially named by the War Department for this duty. Within two hours after the receipt of the dispatch, the command was *en route* for the city. They occupied the public squares here for some time, enjoyed themselves not wisely, nor yet virtuously; and returned to the Army of the Potomac sadly demoralized in all but the two great essential qualities of fighting and marching. It was a fortunate thing for the New York mob that it avoided a conflict with the New England troops at that time.

Upon the return of the brigade to the field they quietly held on to their old routine of life and maintained to the close of the war the splendid reputation they had won at the very outset.

There were many regiments equal to the Vermont regiments in actual battle, and some that, like the 5th New York Vols., not only equalled them in fighting qualities, but greatly surpassed them in drill, discipline and appearance on parade. As a brigade, however, they were undoubtedly the best in the Army of the Potomac, for they not only fought as well as it was possible to fight, but they could outmarch with the utmost ease any other organization in the army.

It was the intention of the writer only to refer to this brigade as furnishing the best type of the American soldier, but this article has grown beyond its intended limit, and we have therefore not the space to examine into the causes of this superiority. Two, however, may be briefly stated. First that the regiments from Vermont were brigaded together. This rule, strange to say, seemed to work well only in regard to the smaller States, like Vermont and New Jersey. Second, the fact that Vermont during the first year of the war recruited for her regiments and kept them full. Regimental and company officers, knowing that their ranks would be filled up, discharged men freely, and thus managed to get rid of their weak and worthless soldiers. For these reasons the Vermonters were good men. They were fortunate, moreover, in having such commanders as Gen. W. F. Smith, and Gen. W. T. H. Brooks. It naturally resulted from this combination of circumstances that they became a great power in battle, and earned a reputation of which every man and woman in Vermont may well be proud.

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

From the Examiner.

THE following horrible story is told in the *Anglo-Brazilian Times* (an English newspaper published at Rio de Janeiro) of December 8:

In Bahia, on the 23d of November, a slave-girl of twenty-four years of age was brought before the chief of police in consequence of horrible ill-usage by her master. She is described as being more like a corpse than a living being. She bore iron shackles on her ankles fastened to a belt secured by a letter-padlock, which she says she has carried for ten years. Her sides and head were covered with old and recent cicatrices, made, according to the declarations, with red hot iron; and her teeth torn out with a door-key. She was remitted to the hospital, and a prosecution commenced against her owner. The Brazilian law frees slaves who have been grossly maltreated by their owners.

This horrible story is not noticed in the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*.

In the last Parliamentary volume of Slave-Trade correspondence is a long and curious report from the British Consul at Para, in Brazil, on a fraudulent retention in slavery of four slaves whom their deceased mistress had by will made free. The story is thus told by Mr. Consul Perry to Earl Russell:

It appears that the Notary Public, Senhor Somez, a person of questionable character, instructed his clerk, at the instigation of the lady's husband, Senhor Jose Monteiro Soares, to fabricate the wording of the Senhora Raioul's will, by inserting "To be free after my husband's death," or words to that effect, instead of "To be free after my death," but always leaving the poor lady on her death-bed under the supposition that the will had been drawn up in conformity with her earnest desires. I am told that Senhor Somez, the Notary Public, received the sum of 300,000 reals for this detestable action. There is something so despicable and unfeeling about this affair that your lordship will be surprised to hear that Mr. Soares and the Notary Public, Somez, who conjointly perpetrated this foul act of inhumanity, have actually met with the support and sympathy of persons here; yet there can be no doubt that these four slaves are legally free from bondage, as several witnesses swore in open Court the Senhora Raioul's will had been counterfeited, and the most important and prominent of these witnesses is Dr. Camillo Jose do Valle, a most distinguished physician of this city, whose oath no one could doubt.

My careful watch of this case during the past year has secured comparative freedom of action to these so-called slaves, but I greatly fear their troubles will recommence, unless the Vice-President receives instructions from Rio de Janeiro to aid their cause.

A decision having been given in favor of these four slaves at Para, their persecutors were about to lodge an appeal to a Superior Court at Maranham. Let us hope that there is an English Consul at Bahia to watch over the rights of the barbarously used slave-girl, as Mr. Consul Perry has protected the four slaves of Para.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE NERVES.

No human being has yet pretended to think with his muscles, or feel with his muscles. Who ever heard of the aspiration of a biceps? And yet we have been told of muscular Christians, never of nervous Christians. It is true the phrase muscular Christianity has been repudiated by Mr. Kingsley, and very properly; but not, as I conceive, on sufficiently broad ground. A Christian must, like other people, have muscles, macerate him as you will; nor is it easy to conceive him without bones. But I appeal to physiologists whether the sympathetic nervous system is not reckoned a great channel of emotion? (this is another felicitous and illuminating exception, admitted because a solitary exception is always held in suspicion.) The philosophic physiologist is welcome to suggest that the real final synthesis of nature defeats all such distinctions—we can some of us see where that drives him to—but, in the meantime, a nervous Christian is a far more natural combination than a muscular one.

The truth, however, is, that the nerves are the objects of systematic enmity and depreciation among mankind at large. Fat, however it may excite complaint in the fat person, is not, I believe, an object of enmity, except in an omnibus or in some position where it occupies an unusual portion of the planetary space. Prophetic denunciations against such as be fat in Zion are on record; none against such as be nervous. Yet the fat man is tolerated, loved, at worst laughed at; while the nervous man is not only laughed at, he is disliked. But is it fat that has been the chief benefactor of the human race? Was it a fat man that invented printing? Was it a fat man that discovered the circulation of the blood? Was George Stephenson fat? Were the martyrs fat men? Heliogabalus was, but was Antoninus? Julius Cæsar, though for his own selfish ends he preferred fat men about his person, was he fat himself? Was Hampden a fat man? Was Milton? Was Cromwell? Was William III.? No; it was George IV. who was the fat man; and he built the fat pavilion at Brighton. Charles James Fox was fat; but he gambled. Falstaff was fat; but he was not a respectable character. Hamlet, again, was fat; but he believed in ghosts and was a very undecided young man. The fattest man of modern times is a distinguished undertaker—he may make good coffins, but I am not a judge of coffins. On the other hand, is Mr. Tennyson fat? Is Mr. John Stuart Mill fat? Is Mr. Browning fat? Is Mr. Gladstone fat? No; the nation would not trust its income with a fat man; it knows better. The only fat financier I ever heard of was Mr. Hudson, the railway king. Thus, it is with nervous men that we trust our money, and it is from nervous men that we expect all that makes money worth having. Or if this statement should be too wide, let it be met by contradiction—there are plenty of contradictory people in the world—and the other side have too long had it all their own way—have too long been permitted to treat the nervous as not only miserable in themselves, but the cause of misery in others.

Part of this results from sheer error in classification. It was with extreme indignation that I once read "Dr. Trotter (of Bath) on the Nervous Temperament,"—a book lent to me by a friend, who supposed me to be, as a nervous man, both wretched and a cause of wretchedness. In Dr. Trotter I found an elaborate discussion of—Indigestion! His idea of a nervous person was, I found, a person who had "the wind;" who had a poor appetite; who had ignominious symptoms not to be particularized; who suffered from "borborrigmi." And his prescriptions were such beggarly elements as calcined magnesia, gentian, exercise, occupation, and "the warm gums." I returned the book with disgust, assuring my friend that, however nervous I might be, I never had "the wind," know nothing of "borborrigmy," ate like a trooper, walked ten miles a day, and had ample "occupation." To this hour I find people who "understand"—ah, how people do "understand" things!—that I am "nervous;" suppose that what they call "nervousness" is a sort of disease. They recommend rhubarb, or peppermint drops, or more exercise, or pale ale. The fact is they do not understand vivacity of sensation. They think it is a complaint; they localize it in the regions under or below the waistband, and prescribe to the "nervous" just as a penguin or a porpoise might prescribe to a darting swallow or a leaping salmon.

Thus the nervous suffer in popular estimation because they are confounded with the dyspeptic, and, it may be added, with the hysterical. There is a complaint, or manifestation, or something, which in the days of Pamela and Joseph Andrews was known as the megrims, or the doldrums, or the vapors; it was a fine madam's common excuse for not being seen, or for neglecting a duty, and it was supposed to be cured by "Hungary water," for which the modern succedaneum is red lavendar. I found all the symptoms of the "megrims" described in Dr. Trotter's book as symptoms of the nervous temperament. In the name of all the nervous I indignantly repel the slander; that is just the way of the world—it never will discriminate. Let hysterics speak for themselves, we, the real honest "nervous" ladies and gentlemen, do not have "a difficulty in swallowing," and, most distinctly, do not have "St. Vitus's dance," which is described by the infamous Trotter as part of the ordinary diagnosis of our temperament! I speak both in sorrow and in anger, but without surprise; for have not many of us, comrades in nervousness, been asked, "What makes you so nervous? You should take tonics!" when we were no more "nervous" in that sense than the jubilant shrimp at sunset, or the lark in the happy agitation of his matin song.

The truth is, the vulgar phlegmatic do not love to see others lively and brisk. A creature with only a few sides—say two, an inside and an outside—is naturally jealous of another with a hundred facets, or is at least puzzled by it. So, a crocodile, which takes fifteen minutes to turn round, might fancy a kitten chasing its own tail mad or diseased. True, as we all know, or as the attendants at many places of public entertainment will tell us if we ask, the phlegmatic vulgar are particularly found of watching machinery in motion, anything that "goes of itself" is a passion with them. But then there is here no room for comparison or jealousy. The phlegmatic man knows that he might stop a steam-bobbin; that, in any case, he can do things the bobbin cannot do, and that somebody could make another bobbin. But he cannot repress the disturbing mobility of the nervous man; he may impute borborrigmi, and recommend potass or cardamoms, or even "the warm gums;" but he could not have given Elizabeth Barret Browning in charge for reminding him of a fire-fly, or stopped Douglas Jerrold like a steam-bobbin. Thank heaven, we have yet our Magna Charta, our bill of rights, our liberty of the subject! Sunt certi denique fines—there are limits, and it galls him. One thing remains—he can confound nervousness with indigestion, and make it odious by maladive associations innumerable. It is high time to write this apology, and disclaim the whole, from indescribable agony, and incapacity for business, to the end of the alphabet. We nervous folk have no agony, and are not incapable. Our nerves are not disease, they are capacity; we, have as much right to wonder at your lethargy as you at our vivacity.—*The Argosy.*

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY LIFE.—The Oxford undergraduate enjoys the peculiar privilege that he can only be sued for debt in the Chancellor's Court—the court of the University. This has been constantly ruled, but some doubt still seems to exist in men's minds on the subject. A tradesman of this city having been compelled last year to transfer his action into this court, has just made an attempt to evade the order, by serving a process on the young gentleman who was spending his Christmas holidays at home. But the Court of Queen's Bench granted a rule to stay the action, and thus obliged the tradesman to sue in the University Court; holding that the temporary absence of an undergraduate in vacation did not invalidate his claim of residence. "Were it otherwise," observed the young gentleman's counsel, "a tradesman would only have to wait until an undergraduate had just walked out of the limits of the city of Oxford, and then he could be served and sued in the superior courts, and thus the charter would be evaded, and the local jurisdiction destroyed." It is surprising to hear from nearly all the Oxford tradesmen how very few bad debts they make; the money for a bill may be a long time coming, but ultimately it generally finds its way into his till; a fact which either speaks very well for the young men themselves, or sets one thinking sadly of struggling families pinching and denying themselves for years to wipe off the debts incurred by the foolish extravagance of some dear but self-indulgent son. Sometimes the relation of the tradesman and his University customer are not quite so amicable. Indeed, a few weeks since, a wealthy tradesman took occasion in a public place to remind a former customer whom he met that there was still a balance against him for some of his undergraduate debts; this statement he coupled with such unparliamentary language, that the younger man was moved to give his professed creditor a sound thrashing; and by some mistake or other public sympathy seems inclined to support the fiery-tempered youth.

Christ Church has just completed the education of a Duke. Her teaching had to be condensed, and that may have robbed it of a little of its refinement, but we must hope that the University *curriculum*, although necessarily incomplete, has more or less fitted him for his great work in life. "The Duke of Hamilton, who will attain his majority on the 12th March next, has left Oxford, and has become a patron of the turf, and purchased several two-year olds. His trainer is John Nightingall, of Epsom." This paragraph will be read with the greatest interest; perhaps we may add, without giving the notice unseemly publicity, that "John Jones, who attained his majority two years ago, has left Oxford and has become a country curate, and purchased several articles of second-hand furniture. His rector is John Rook of Epsom Salts."—*London Letter.*

"COUNT 'EM."—Several years ago there was an annual three-day's "muster" of certain Western Massachusetts regiments, held at Northampton in this State. "High Private," in one of the companies was the friend I wrote of: and jolly good times he and two or three more choice spirits made for their comrades in arms. Now round about the camp various suttlers, showmen and other outside barbarians had pitched their tents, for the purpose of relieving the militia of their spare change. Of course they succeeded admirably. One evening —— and some score of his friends were outside the lines having a good time. Roving from point to point they came upon a tent, outside which a burly man was shouting: "Walk up! Walk! Walk right in and see the great Kentucky giantess, the horse with six legs and nary two alike, the living anacondas and the man that swallows a sword and eats small rocks for supper—all for ten cents!"

"By Jove, boys," said ——, "*that* sounds good! Let's go in."

A smile overspread the features of the doorkeeper at the "fat take" before him.

"Many in?" inquired ——.

"Lots! Full of soldiers?" replied the doorkeeper. "Its worth the money; *only* ten cents! Pass right in."

"*Count* 'em!" said ——.

"All right," quoth the guardian of the show. "Pass right in, gentlemen!"

And about thirty passed in.

"Have you *counted* 'em?" inquired ——.

"All right! Thirty-two, an' *you'll* make thirty-three."

"Oh, *I'm* not goin in!" quoth ——.

"*You* ain't?" said the man, a horrible suspicion crossing his mind.

"No, *I'm* going back to camp," said ——. "*Good* night!"

Then, my dear *Press*, if you could have seen that infuriated doorkeeper speed to the mysterious interior of the tent!

There were at least a hundred persons crowded within its canvas walls, all in uniform.

"Here! Look a-here! I counted *you*, I believe. Didn't I count *you*? Wasn't *you* counted?"

Thus he flew from blue-coat to blue; but not a soul owned up, and thirty men saw the snakes and things for "nothin'."

It was a bad sell, decidedly.

CAPT. RUFUS CHOATE.—The death of this young gentleman, which occurred lately at the residence of E. E. Pratt, Esq., was mentioned in the *Journal* of a recent date. It is but fitting and just that the public should know somewhat more than that he lived and died. He was born in 1835. He graduated at Amherst in 1855, and after the usual course of reading was admitted to the bar, and was steadily and rapidly making his way to success, if not eminence, in the profession so richly adorned by his gifted father. Among the first to volunteer his services after the firing upon Fort Sumter, he abandoned a lucrative practice and joined the Second Massachusetts Regiment, Col. Gordon, with the rank of Second Lieutenant. The regiment was first with Patterson's division, and subsequently at various points in Virginia, performing much severe service. He was with his regiment and participated in the hard fought battle of Antietam, and afterward at the battle of Cedar Mountain. At the commencement of this engagement, he, with three other officers, were so ill from the exposures and hardships of camp life as to need assistance to the field. Of the four he only came out alive. It was in this battle that the Second Regiment lost half its full force of officers and rank and file. Immediately afterward he was obliged to go into hospital, with his health entirely shattered, and from that time till his death he has suffered continuously, and often acutely, from neuralgic pains affecting the whole system. As in his classes at school or college he was the life and soul, sparkling with wit and sentiment, and to whom learning came with almost fatal facility, so in the camp he was the pet of the regiment, brave, generous, high toned and genial. His loss is one in which the public has a share, for his early manhood was full of promise and his life was as truly sacrificed to his country as though it had been lost in battle.

THE GREAT STRENGTHENING TONIC!

(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE

DEBILITY! DEBILITY!

Resulting from any cause whatsoever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

INDUCED BY

SEVERE HARDSHIPS,

EXPOSURE,

FEVERS,

OR

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

AND DISEASES RESULTING FROM DISORDERS OF THE LIVER AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more cures, gives better satisfaction, has more testimony, has more respectable people to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, Great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

that this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no Rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

* * * * * * * * *

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Phil.]

GENTLEMEN: I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that years was really a medicinal preparation, I took it, with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon st.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor *Christian Chronicle*, Phil.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Phil.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach.

D. MERRIGE.

From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, etc. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,

966 Hutchinson street, Phil.

N

[From the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church.]

I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates st.

Philadelphia, Dec. 24, 1864.

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reformed Church, Kutztown, Berks county, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years' standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No. 25 North Sixth st., Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. J. Newton Brown, D.D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge and *Christian Chronicle*, Phil.;

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church;

Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Phil., at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of these Bitters.

D

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any other of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place; but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,

NO. 63 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA

JONES & EVANS,

[Successors to C. M JACKSON & CO.]

Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States.

CONSTITUTION

LIFE SYRUP,

COMPOSED OF

IODIDE POTASSIUM,

With the Compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of

VALUABLE MEDICINAL

ROOTS AND HERBS,

A positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all (hereditary) DISEASES transmitted from PARENT TO CHILD.

SCROFULA

STRUMA.	GLANDULAR SWELLINGS.	ULCERATION.
KING'S EVIL.	ERYSIPELAS.	SALT RHEUM.

This taint (HEREDITARY and ACQUIRED), filling life with untold misery, is by all usual medical remedies incurable.

RHEUMATISM.

[ARTHRITIS.]	NEURALGIA.	GOUT.
LUMBAGO.	SCIATICA.	TIC DOLOUREUX.

If there is any disease in which the Constituton Life Syrup is a sovereign, it is in Rheumatism and its kindred affections. The most intense pains are almost immediately alleviated—enormous swellings are reduced. Cases, chronic or vicarious, of 20 or 30 years standing, have been cured by us.

NERVOUSNESS.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.	SHATTERED NERVES.	ST. VITUS' DANCE.
LOSS OF POWER.	CONFUSION OF THOUGHTS.	EPILEPSY.

Thousands who have suffered for years will bless the day on which they read these lines. Particularly to weak, suffering woman will this medicine prove an inestimable blessing—directing their footsteps to a Hope which fulfils more than it promises.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.

SALIVATION.	ROTTING OF BONES.
BAD COMPLEXION.	ACHES IN BONES.
FEELING OF WEARINESS.	DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of MERCURY, removing the Bad Breath, and curing the Weak Joints and Rheumatic Pains which the use of Calomel is sure to produce. It hardens Spongy Gums and secures the teeth as firmly as ever.

Constitution Life Syrup

eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

and all other difficulties of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

Constitution Life Syrup

cures all Swelling of the Glands, either of the Face, Neck, or Female Breast, and should be taken as soon as the swelling is detected, thus preventing their breaking, and producing troublesome Discharging Sores, which disfigure so many of the younger portion of the community, from six to twenty years of age. Young children are very subject to Discharges from the Ears, which depends upon a Scrofulous constitution. These cases soon recover by taking a few doses of the Life Syrup.

Epilept